HAROLD LLOYD TELLS HIS OWN LIFE STORY

MOVIE WEEKLY

May 26, 1923

TEN CENTS

What must a Girl pay for Screen Fame?

Society Woman Sacrifices Husband for Movies

Nita Naldi

EDWARD THAYER MONROE

No. 16 **MOVIE WEEKLY** Vol. III
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Theda Bara will edit our next!

A Vampire Number

That will surpass everything in vampires ever before offered a public eager to know more about the possessors of those qualities that are so absolutely fatal to men, will constitute next week's issue of Movie Weekly. And, what is more—

THEDA BARA WILL EDIT IT!

The famous creator of the screen vampire recently visited the offices of Movie Weekly and, in consultation with the editorial staff, prepared a special vampire issue that will establish a new record for reading interest in this publication.

Miss Bara, who is now the wife of Charles Brabin, the well-known film director, entered into her editorial duties with the same zest that she once displayed upon the screen.

Choosing her material with care and precision, this beautiful screen star, who made "vampire" a household word wherever the English language is spoken, edited the Special Vampire Number of Movie Weekly, while hundreds of the Macfadden employees stood by and looked on.

And then Theda sat down and told all she thought about Vampires and of just what power they had to steal husbands and wreck homes.

"Can they do it?" we asked her.

"Well," she replied—but you will have to read next week's issue to find out. All we can say is—we never thought it of Theda.

Containing

An interview with the beautiful and fascinating screen star by Gladys Hall, which reveals the real Theda Bara—a person of infinite womanly charm.

Dacia, the fascinating little brunette dancer who is now appearing in English productions, gives an interview to W. Adolphe Roberts, Movie Weekly's European representative, in which she hotly denies that American pictures are superior to those made in England.

Bebe Daniels Prize Question Contest will be included in our next week's issue as well as the name and photograph of the person winning the contest.

Other features of exceptional interest will be "Can the Prudish Girl Be Popular?" by Claire Windsor; and "What Qualities in a Woman Lure a Man Most?" by John Charles Thomas, the noted singer, who is now appearing in "Under the Red Robe."

But this merely scratches the surface of next week's contents, the proof of which will lie in the reading. Edited by Theda Bara, this special Vampire Number will surpass all others, we predict, in offering fresh angles of interest on the feminine vamp.

It will be on the newsstands Thursday.

DON'T MISS IT!

This Week's Cover

Is Nita Naldi, the beautiful film star, who has something of a record for vampire roles of the same variety as those created and popularized by Theda Bara.

CONTENTS

MAY 26th, 1923

Harold Lloyd Number

	PAGE
Nita Naldi - - - - - - - *Cover Design*	
The Editor's Say - - - - - - - -	2
Mimi Palmeri Says There Is No Price on Screen Fame. By *David A. Balch* - - - - -	3
Mrs. Jas. Vail Converse, Society Woman, Enters Movies. By *T. Howard Kelly* - - - -	4
If the Movies Were Prohibited (Pictures) - -	6
Gilda Gray Shimmies Into the Camera. By *Regina Cannon* - - - - - - - - -	7
Edward Earle Tells How Stars Are Made. By *Milton Silver* - - - - - - - -	8
Lila Lee Talks of Husbands. By *Alma M. Talley* -	9
A Crook Play at Sing Sing. By *Gladys Hall* - -	10
What the News Reels Need. By *Paul Rochester* -	11
Autobiography of Harold Lloyd. Edited by *Lawrence Langdon* - - - - - - - -	12
Photoplay Reviews. By *Lewis F. Levenson* - -	14
Ricardo Cortez and Jane Novak - - - - -	16
Character Reading of Richard Barthelmess. By *Vincent de Sola* - - - - - - - -	18
"The Girl of the Golden West" (in Pictures) - -	19
Should Married Stars Take Separate Vacations? By *Grace Kingsley* - - - - - - -	20
On Location With Alice Brady. By *Sonya Levien* -	21
In the Screen World of Fashion - - - - -	22
Life Story of a Movie Actress. By *Mary Jessop* -	23
Where Fan Meets Fan - - - - - - -	24
The Abysmal Brute. Fictionized by *Edward Ettinger*	25
The Colonel (Queries and Answers) - - - -	26
Whispers From the Studios - - - - - -	27

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Must a girl pay a price for screen fame?

"NO!" says Mimi Palmeri.

New Distinctive Pictures star, who was *cast for her first screen appearance* in the leading role of "The Ragged Edge" *tells how it all happened*

By David A. Balch

MIMI PALMERI! Who is she, what is she and where did she come from? A few months ago an unknown girl posing for commercial advertising art, and now a full-fledged movie star, who has just completed her first screen appearance in the leading role of "The Ragged Edge," a forthcoming Distinctive Pictures production!

By what alchemy was the leaden metal of commercial advertising art transmuted into the gold of stardom? How, when and by what magical means did the beautiful Mimi exchange the obscurity of a photographer's model for the glitter of screen fame? Well, listen and we'll tell you.

A few days ago we lunched with Miss Palmeri in the cool green dining room of Delmonico's, where great cut glass chandeliers hang down from the ceiling like mammoth clusters of white crystal grapes. We listened to the story of her success with marveling ears. It was the sort of stuff, we imagine, of which a good many girls' dreams are made. It was quite like a story book.

We thought, when we first saw Miss Palmeri, that we had never before seen anyone so beautiful. Hers is the dark, rich, dazzling sort of beauty that makes you gasp when you first behold it; and, literally, we gasped.

Then, later, when she talked through lips that were as beautifully moulded and as beautifully clean as the lips of a child, we fell to listening to the quiet, low voice that was so charmingly natural and so engagingly human. It was the voice of a woman who has known what rough corners life sometimes holds, and learned that occasional bruises from inevitable contacts are frequently the order of the day. It was the voice, in short, of a girl who has succeeded through effort and not through the specific favor of some man. And it was a voice that was very easy to listen to.

HOW, Miss Palmeri, did you do it?" we asked, as we remembered the month and shunned the oysters.

"My present place in pictures?" she inquired, a little uncertainly, with a look of searching kindness in her deep, dark eyes.

We nodded, and, reassured, she commenced to talk.

"I'd always had peculiar ideas about the screen," said *Miss Palmeri.*

"I'm one of those rarest of rare things," she began with a smile, "a New Yorker who was born in New York. I studied music originally, and I had hopes of becoming a concert pianist. The Damrosch School offered an annual scholarship and, because I needed the money that this would save, I competed. I did not hear from the Damrosch people for some time, and meanwhile I won another scholarship in the New York School of Music.

I HAD decided to accept the latter when word came from Mr. Damrosch that I was privileged to commence study in his school, and after a little indecision, I decided to accept. Then, for two years, I studied music, at the end of which time I played, occasionally, in concert.

"But as time went on," Miss Palmeri continued, "I began to feel that music did not hold all for me financially that I desired, so I decided to see if I couldn't do something in the way of posing for advertising art.

"I saw an advertisement in a newspaper that called for a model to pose and not knowing anything at all about it, Mother and I went down to the address that was given. We found about two hundred girls waiting in answer to the advertisement.

"Mother and I were both tempted to leave, but curiosity prompted me to stay until I had seen the man in charge. And then, to my great surprise, he chose me out of all that number."

Watching the lovely face of Miss Palmeri seated opposite us, we did not wonder that she had been selected out of all that number. Or more! It simply seemed to us that the man who was doing the selecting had his eye with him; that was all.

"Then," went on our fair informant, "commenced my long apprenticeship at posing for all kinds of advertising."

"But Miss Palmeri!" we interrupted, "we can't help wondering why you never went into the 'Follies.' It seems to us you would have been a 'knockout' in that sort of work."

MISS PALMERI laughed. She doesn't laugh often; indeed, she is somewhat grave, with a manner wholly in keeping with her low, quiet voice.

"Well," she explained, 'I'd always had peculiar ideas about the stage and what was expected of the girls who went in for that sort of thing."

"You thought," we questioned, "that a girl had to pay the traditional price for success in any sort of theatrical work?"

Miss Palmeri nodded.

"Yes," she confessed, "and as I was making a good living posing, I didn't care to encounter any-

(*Continued on page 29*)

Society Woman May Risk to Enter

"I will not marry again," said *Mrs. Converse,* "because I want to be free to work day or night and to have no obligation that will hinder me in my career. In the movies, for instance, when a set is being made, it makes a director furious to have a husband coming in to speak to you."

Photo by Campbell

THIS is the story of a poor, little, rich girl, whose dreams and ambitions have long been filled with the glamour of movie stardom. She is about to see her dreams come true. She is on the verge of achieving the youthful ambition that burns in her veins.

But—all of this at the cost of a divorce and the wagging of gossipy tongues in the Four Hundred!

Her name at present is Mrs. James Vail Converse. Before her surprise wedding in February of 1922, when she dashed away one night in a motor to Rockville, Md., she was Thelma Morgan, daughter of Harry Hays Morgan, American Consul-General in Brussels. Her twin sister, Gloria, married Reggie Vanderbilt a few weeks ago.

During all of her eighteen years, Thelma has promenaded the gilded boulevards of the smart rich. She knows her London, Paris, Brussels, Venice, the Riviera, the beach at Deauville; she knows the cries of the croupier at the tables of Monte Carlo, the sunshine of Naples, and the charm of apple blossom time in Normandy. And yet, with all of this, with all of her social position and money, she has not been able as yet to buy the one thing around which her hopes in life revolve.

"I have to laugh," chatted young Mrs. Converse, who is a slenderly fashioned brunette beauty, "when I read some of the silly things they print in newspapers about my going into the movies. One article suggested I would incidentally lose a husband by doing so. This is the wrong interpretation. They way it should read is that my husband is losing me."

I agree that under any circumstances it would have been more gallant for the newspaper writer to have expressed himself as Mrs. Converse put it. At the moment I quite overlooked the fact that there are lots of women reporters.

Mrs. Converse does not look upon her desire to act in pictures as a fad which will soon dissolve before the breeze of some new fancy. For some time past her mind has been fully made up to pose before the camera.

IT IS a very serious matter with me. People I know are inclined to smile at the whole thing, simply because they cannot bring themselves to believe that society women have any vital purpose in life outside of social pleasures," she declared.

"Don't you think that this state of affairs is largely responsible for the increasing amount of marital troubles in circles where wealth enables women to give themselves over entirely to social life?" I asked.

And here is where eighteen-year-old Thelma Morgan Converse, who expects soon to be divorced, delivered herself of some very pertinent home-brewed philosophy concerning marriage, divorce, and a woman's place in this topsy-turvey universe. Also, she told me of a place that has our own Reno backed out of the picture when it comes to procuring a swift divorce. That place is Nice, France.

"Marriage must be a successful living arrangement between the two parties vitally concerned," she began. "If not, it is martyrdom for both husband and wife to continue in a state of unhappiness and false pretenses. The old days when a woman married her husband and so often took him for worse throughout a lifetime in a spirit of martyrdom, are past. Men and women who are thinking for themselves are not willing to be martyrs any more!"

Mrs. Converse thinks that marriage standards have been raised by this new viewpoint, which demands divorces when marriages turn out wrong. "It tends to make people more careful when they know it is possible to get a divorce if they are incompatible after marriage," she explained. "That is why I am positive it ought to be comparatively easy to secure divorce."

"What do you think is the fundamental reason for most of our shipwrecked marriages?" I asked.

PERHAPS it is because in most cases the woman has no serious purpose in life—nothing to work on and build up. On the other hand, a husband has this purpose, in most cases. He has some definite aim in his business, or his profession. This aim keeps him busy outside of his home-life . . . keeps him buoyed up, enthusiastic and makes him appreciate his home environment, and his family. A woman should cultivate some real purpose in life.

"For one woman it may be raising a family. Another may want to go to business. But with me it is neither of these things. I want to go in the movies."

"That's where your ambition struck a snag, isn't it?" I interrupted.

"Well, I am making arrangements to sign a contract right now with one of three movie companies that are dickering with me. My husband's prohibitions concerning my going into the films will not keep me from signing this contract, so you can take it for granted that the snag is going to be removed," she declared.

In my opinion, I think Mrs. Converse will make

loss of Husband

Movies

Mrs. James Vail Converse, twin sister of *Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt*, may try for screen fame in *spite of spouse's opposition*

By T. Howard Kelly

Thelma Morgan Converse **(near the wheel chair), in her first appearance in the movies as an extra girl.**

a very favorable impression as a movie actress. Already she has played in several minor parts just as a test to discover whether or not her type of beauty screens well. According to expert opinion, she screens ideally. Although a born American, her many years spent abroad in France and Belgium have moulded her into a perfect French type. Her manner and her charm have all of the atmosphere of Paris. To hear her talk is to believe that you are in the presence of soft-voiced Parisienne.

A YOUNG woman of perfect poise and social culture, she will undoubtedly play foreign society roles with a finesse and polish that is often lacking in such characters when played by actresses who have not lived the life as intimately as Mrs. Converse has.

Her decision to enter the pictures at any cost, follows closely upon the debut upon the silver sheet of Craig Biddle, scion of the famous Philadelphia Biddle clan. Verily the social register and the motion picture directories are growing closer and closer together!

Although Thelma has acquired a most genuine and pronounced Parisian accent, she still retains her American democracy. I found her to be a very "regular" sort of person, unspoiled by money, or society. This means a great deal towards developing a screen personality. When the charm of voice and actual presence are lost, as these attributes are in pictures, it means that an actress has to "get over" on the very spontaneity of her pictorial personality. If she is stiff, formal, and "upstage," the result is usually failure. It takes personal magnetism to warm the hearts of a movie audience.

She told me quite emphatically that wedding bells will not ring out again in her life. She wants to wed herself to the screen career that is waiting for her just around the corner.

"I will not marry again, because I want to be free to work day or night and to have no obligation that will hinder me in my career. In the movies, for instance, when a set is being made, it makes a director furious to have a husband coming in to speak to you, thus getting you out of the mood your role demands!

"You can see how inconvenient it would be to have a husband under these circumstances, can't you?"

I ADMITTED that there was a great deal of truth in her statement, and then asked her about the super-Reno divorce station at Nice.

"Before describing this place, let me say that I believe it absurdly foolish to have as many different divorce laws as we have in this country. The variety only tends to hurt the happiness of people who are seeking a way out of their difficulties. Why should we have to dig up all the scandal in the world in order to effect a divorce?

"What we should do is to make divorce as easy as marriage. Marriage is a simple operation. You just buy a license and wed. It is a grave and responsible step, however. Divorce is another big step, involving children, finances and homes. It should be as easy as marriage, or else marriage should be made as difficult as divorce is in America today.

International News Photo

***Reggie Vanderbilt* and his wife, *Gloria*—twin sister of *Mrs. Converse*.**

"About this divorce court in Europe. Nice is, as you know, a most fashionable place, and many unhappy married people try to forget their worries there. An excellent, broad-minded judge, who believes in people finding happiness, grants a divorce in a very simple and non-sensational manner. You go to him as you would to a father confessor. Tell him you are unhappily married, and in about three weeks or a month your unhappy marriage is no more. It's presto! And you are free." she declared.

Mrs. Convrse is not the first of the Morgan family to seek a divorce. Her sister, Consuelo, who married Jean, Count de Maupas, divorced the Count last year. Gloria, her twin sister, who married Reginald Vanderbilt only a few weeks ago, is the only one of the trio thus far to be a long way from the divorce court.

Thelma Converse is not yet prepared to say when she will start on her first picture, but, according to what she told me, she has three stories now under consideration for her first starring vehicle. Of course Thelma realizes that society is all agog with the gossip her decision has created. But it doesn't seem to rest heavily upon her young, rounded shoulders, for she is wrapped up in the dream of being a movie star, and the hope that her name will soon go up in lights along the Rialto.

THERE is a lesson in Mrs. Converse'ambition to be a movie star, which ought to be appreciated by thousands of pretty girls in all walks of life. The lesson is that human nature is the same the world over, in spite of circumstances of time, place, money or position. Here is Thelma Morgan Converse, with all that men and women struggle for in life—money, luxury, pleasure, prominence, culture and youth. And yet the craving to reflect herself on the silver screen became a poignant ambition that bids fair to strip her full life of contentment and happiness unless it can be realized. No wonder she has decided to achieve her hopes at all costs!

She has promised to give Movie Weekly all the news of her plans along the early road to stardom, and our readers can rest assured that the experiences and adventures of a girl of her type breaking into pictures will furnish interesting reading.

And, after all, what does it matter whether one is rich or poor when ambition drives? Here is Mrs. Converse, with more than her share of youth, beauty, brains and charm—tired of the unending whirl of parties, teas and social calls.

What more natural than that she should turn to some occupation entirely different to the life she has been used to—yet an occupation where she can best capitalize such talents as she may have?

Other women of the drawing room set become modistes, they open exclusive tea shops—some of them turn to writing—others paint or go in for social service.

"Therefore," asks Mrs. Converse, "why shouldn't I, too, follow the dictates of my mind, especially in these days when women everywhere are going in for careers?

"There is such a thing, you know," and there was a humorous twinkle in her eye as she spoke, "there is such a thing as a natural desire to even follow that impulse which will bring you the most happiness, even though you have money and everything. And because I feel convinced that the long, hard road to movie fame will bring me that happiness, I am following that impulse."

What the stars could do if movies were prohibited

You couldn't keep *Colleen Moore* from being a moving picture herself, even if she were only moving about the garden.

Even if he weren't engaged in the movies, *Charlie Ray* could still have a pressing engagement.

If no more movies were made, *Miss Dupont* would beat it away from the studio. The kitchen is a very proper place to beat it in.

If *May McAvoy* left the screen, she'd have more time to fiddle away, and if *Bert Lytell* quit the movies, he'd have lots of time for monkey business.

What cares *Marion Davies* if movies are prohibited as long as they don't prohibit dresses!

SHIMMYING into the CAMERA—with Gilda GRAY

Famous shimmy dancer performs before the camera and tells how it feels to oscillate one's charms in pictures

By Regina Cannon

HAND up another throne for there is to be a new Queen of the Movies.

And that new queen is none other than Gilda Gray, the golden girl whom the shimmy has made famous—or was it perhaps Gilda who made the shimmy famous? At any rate, both Gilda and the shimmy have "arrived."

And now, not content with her success as premiere dancer of the Ziegfeld Follies and stellar attraction at the Rendezvous, that famous midnight club, than which there is none more alluring, the glorious Gilda has turned her thoughts and incidentally her dancing feet and lissome figure to the camera. She has brought her talent and beauty from the grateful glow of dim amber lightings into the glare of the merciless Kleigs. All this we learned quite by accident.

We were rambling aimlessly through the Famous Players Studio in Astoria, Long Island, the other day, when our attention was drawn to a crowd of excited spectators gathered around a large set. Each was giving his neighbor well-placed jabs and pushes, the better to get to the front row, my dears. When we recognized such celebrities as Nita Naldi, Conrad Nagel and Lew Cody in the interested bunch, we felt that the situation would be well worth investigating. So we pushed our way through the crowd up to the second row, and immediately got a shove that sent us hurrying back to the fourth, from which point of vantage we got a line on what was doing.

THE SET was converted into a cabaret scene. Inviting tables at which were seated smartly gowned women and men in evening suits lined the walls, and in the center of the floor space set apart for dancing, stood the graceful Broadway favorite, Gilda Gray, with her white arms poised high above her head, just about to begin a South Sea dance. Her costume was composed of strands of orange-colored silk with a clever little bodice richly ornamented by minature tropical fruits and flowers. To say that Gilda was captivating is to put it mildly.

At a signal from the director and the calls of "Lights!" and "Camera!" the crowd on the side-lines pressed forward, for all was ready for the filming of the big feature of the picture—the cabaret scene.

"When I first faced the camera," said *Miss Gray*, "I was scared to death."

A slow, haunting strain came from the orchestra and the dance was on. Gliding, sliding, turning, in sinuous curves and rhythmic motions and seductively fascinating postures, the graceful, smiling Gilda held her audience spellbound. Surely no alluring, dusky-skinned maiden of the South Seas ever danced with more primitive abandon. Wild applause greeted Miss Gray as she finished the dance which has brought her fame and fortune.

WHEN THE noise had subsided and the crowd had thinned and we found a little breathing space, we decided to get a close-up look at Gilda Gray if it was the last thing we ever did on this earth. Evidently our companions-in-mob decided the same thing before us, for as we approached Miss Gray, we recognized the same people who pushed us around the set a few moments before. There was Gilda, seated on that much-to-be-revered piece of furniture, known as the director's chair, swinging her slim, white legs nonchalantly to and fro, holding court to an enthusiastic crowd.

When we advanced to where she was within ear-shot, we yelled, "How do you like the movies?" Now you'll have to admit, fans, that that original (?) question is just as good today as it was ten years ago, when it was put to the first stage star who entered the movies.

"Just fine!" returned Miss Gray. "Come on over."

And with this cordial and special invitation, we passed Ritzily up the aisle the admiring audience unconsciously made for us, dropping condescending glances on our less fortunate friends as we went.

"You know," said Miss Gray, when we were seated, "this moving picture work is very fascinating. I love it. Just think, when you do a part or a dance before the camera, you only have to rehearse it a few times, and when the scene is shot you never have to repeat it. On the stage we rehearse for weeks and then do the same part five or six hundred times—that is, if we're lucky enough to be cast in a successful play."

WE'VE always heard," we ventured, "that an actress leaving the stage for the silent drama misses the stimulus of the audience's applause."

"Oh," returned Gilda, her blue eyes widening perceptibly, "don't you think these people here today were enthusiastic enough to suit the most fastidious. They were all perfectly wonderful to me, a newcomer, and helped me

(*Continued on page* 29)

Real Movie Stars NOT MADE

THEY MAKE THEMSELVES

Says Edward Earle

Photo by David Berns

"Often a good actress will make a star of an inferior leading man," said *Mr. Earle.*

Popular young actor *who was once Mary Pickford's leading man* tells how *some* actors achieve *stardom while others have it* thrust upon them

By Milton Silver

JUST what is a movie star and how do they get that way, if any?" we asked Edward Earle, who has been shining intermittently on Filmland's celestial boulevards for lo, these many moons.

"What made you come to me with that question?" he countered, handing us the menu. You see, he was hungry and he was polite, and, if the truth must be told, the hovering waiter was a welcome sight to us, too.

So we recalled to his mind that he was elected King of the Movies in New York's popularity contest last May, and that it was our notion that Kings must run with the crowd since a certain war had changed the world around. Therefore coming to him seemed the logical thing to do . . . and the logical place.

The handsome Edward cast aside his Heavenly robes—in a manner of speaking—and leaned towards us like any business man intent on selling something we didn't want and couldn't possibly use after buying. There was earnestness in every line of him.

"That," said he, "is a pretty large order, but I'll do the best I can. I'll tell you this to begin with—even though it is old stuff: there is no really royal road to stardom except in rare cases. But we shall talk of those later.

"Some of our stars are shining because they would shine, naturally, anywhere, in any company. Some of them shine because that hard-working janitor—publicity — is constantly polishing them up with press notices and stories. Some have nothing but a flair for draping themselves attractively in a set and a fair amount of screen presence; and there are yet some others who have climbed to the top rung of St. Peter's ladder by means of their social connections. Or perhaps I had better say been pushed. And by social connections I mean friendships with other actors and actresses who have already reached the goal, friendships with executives, directors, authors and others who are in a position to help. Often, you know, a good actress will and can make a star of an inferior leading man and vice versa. If the leading man has good looks, this is frequently the case."

Edward Earle, well-known screen leading man, living the "life of Riley" at his country estate.

"But, we cut in, "we want to talk only of the men. They are good boys and we'd like to see them get along."

YOU COULD point out a score of prominent movie actors who have just missed being stars," he went on, unmindful of the interruption. "I mean men who always give a tip-top performance in any role they undertake; men who always gain the sympathy of the audience and the praise of the critics, yet have not flashed as stars."

"Name a few," we insisted.

"You'd better track them down yourself," he came back at us. "Better still, we'll do it together."

By the time we had reached the coffee and cigarettes, we had managed an even two dozen names—good, intelligent, hard-working actors—all of them men who know every trick of the camera art—men whom every fan knows and loves, but each of whom had just missed stardom.

"How do *you* account for it?" asked King Edward.

"We don't account for it," we admitted, "but we are here to find out how you do."

The engaging Mr. Earle became thoughtful. After a full minute of silence, he answered:

"First, I'd like to tell the fans that in my opinion, any male actor who could give a performance that would come even close to that of Dick Barthelmess in 'Tol'able David,' is a star whether he is billed as one or not. Here was a finished performance, if ever there was one.

"Further, I'll say that all the king's horses and all the king's men would have great trouble preventing such an actor from attaining eventual stardom."

"But not every actor gets the chance," we protested.

"True," replied the star, "but all things come to him who waits and he will get his chance sometime."

BUT DO not misunderstand me," he warned. "I do not mean to say that all of our male stars are twinkling because of their popularity with the fan. There is such a thing as a built-up star, just as there are built-up executives in every other walk of life."

"A magnate, looking around for new talent, finds a good-looking young actor with just the proper amount of dark, curly hair, a fine physique and pleasant personality, and a strong recommendation from some friend or other—perhaps an influential executive or star who has taken a fancy to the young man. He signs the young actor to a long-term contract with a short pay envelope, and puts him in the care of a clever press agent. The P. A. then proceeds to build him up, brick by brick as you might say, just as a

(*Continued on page* 29)

"No woman needs to lose her husband"

Says Lila Lee

Charming little screen star declares "in order to keep a husband happy *feed the brute—with beauty*. —When charms fade, love exits."

By Alma M. Talley

CHEER up, girls! When you read discouraging statistics about the number of marriages that have gone on the rocks of divorce, don't be downhearted. Just make up your mind that your marriage won't be one of that kind, use a little determination, a little finesse—and keep your husband!

It can be done. Lila Lee says so. Lila has never had a husband, but she has a lot of good ideas about them.

We were discussing the subject over the luncheon table, at the Ritz. Lila admitted freely that she "just loved the Ritz," because she liked to see the smartly gowned women who lunch there.

"You know we aren't a dressy crowd in Hollywood," she explained. "Off the screen most of us don't bother to primp much. So when we come to New York we feel terribly countrified. When I got on the train to come east, my friends all said I looked so nice in my new clothes—you know how friends are—but when I reached New York I felt like a country girl."

However she may have felt, she didn't look it, in her new spring suit of beige twill with a short little coat and pleated skirt. She wore a darker brown hat and fur.

"The women here are so smart-looking and so attractive," she went on, "that I love to watch them. I think almost any woman should be able to make herself attractive, and certainly if she is attractive by nature there is no excuse for her losing her charm."

"A lot of women whose husbands stray away from the fireside would be glad to know the recipe for keeping their charm," I said, "and incidentally, their husbands."

"Well, generally speaking," said Lila, "no woman needs to lose her husband, if she will only take a few pains with herself."

WE STOPPED to order luncheon; Lila started hers on artichoke.

"And what can a woman do to keep herself attractive?" I asked. If Lila knew any fountain of youth recipes, I wanted to learn the secret myself!

"Well, for one thing—and certainly this is a simple enough thing to do—she can take care of her skin, put cold cream on her face every night when she goes to bed."

"That's fine," I said, "for women of more or less leisure, but how about the housewife who drudges away all day long, perhaps with a lot of children to look after? Probably when she gets through cooking and scrubbing and mending and finally gets to bed, she's much too tired to stop and rub cold cream into her face."

"A young wife shouldn't be satisfied merely to keep as attractive as she was at the time of her marriage," said *Miss Lee.*

"But it isn't much trouble to put on a little cold cream," Lila demurred. "You can sit up in bed and do it with scarcely any effort at all. I never neglect my face, no matter how tired I am."

And certainly Lila's face is worth all the care she could give it.

"Of course, some women haven't much of a face to begin with," I reminded her, "though, of course, so far as a husband is concerned, if a man didn't like a girl's face, he probably wouldn't marry her in the first place."

The waiter approached with our roast beef and ravioli.

"A woman shouldn't let herself lose her figure," Lila went on. "If a man picks out a sylph-like, beautiful creature to marry and then she turns into an overfat or frowsy housewife, he naturally is less likely to keep on caring for her. If you take away the very qualities you most admire in someone, you are bound to like that someone less.

"A young wife shouldn't be satisfied merely to keep as attractive as she was at the time of her marriage," Miss Lee continued. "Probably her husband is advancing in the world, getting promotions at the office, and a bigger salary, and developing mentally as he meets more and more people. If she stays just the same as she was when he married her, or lets herself 'go to seed,' it is only natural that they should grow farther and farther apart."

MANY a wife taunts her husband with having become too good for her," I agreed, "when, as a matter of fact, she should be too ashamed to mention it—too ashamed, I mean, of letting herself slump to that extent."

"Yes, you can't love anyone who is constantly peevish, and a young wife should be careful not to give in to petty annoyances so much that her disposition is ruined. There's nothing more deadly to a marriage than a nagging wife—or husband!"

"It's all right for us to talk about keeping a husband," Miss Lee laughed, "but anyway, I do think if a woman gives the least thought to the matter—and certainly the happiness of one's marriage is worth a little thought—she should be able to keep her husband fairly contented."

Of course it's hard to prescribe for everyone's case, but, at least, these are just a few little hints. So, girls, think them over.

Taking a Crook Play to Sing Sing

Inside the walls at *Sing Sing Prison*, where *"Within the Law"* was shown.

Prison inmates enjoy special preview of "Within the Law," *the screen version of the well known* crook melodrama

By Gladys Hall

FELLOW fans, the other day we went to Sing Sing Prison:

We took the screen with us, which is to say that:

Beulah Livingstone, who is publicity representative for the Schenck interests, which comprise, in the order of their appearance Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge and their brother-in-law, Buster Keaton, took the film of Norma's latest release, "Within the Law," to show to the men who were once without the law. Along with the film she took some fifteen or twenty newspaper and magazine writers, Miss Cecil Arden, Metropolitan Opera singer, Mr. Lew Cody, who appears in "Within the Law" and needs no further fan explanation, Mr. Louis Eytinge, the modern "Man Who Came Back," specifically from having been a lifer and a lunger in Yuma, Arizona, penitentiary, and our humble self. We journeyed "up the river" in a mammoth sight-seeing 'bus.

It was rather a tremendous experience. A significant one from the screen point of view.

For, every night in the week, there is a picture run in Sing Sing.

Every night in the week most of the gray-clad men within the steel-gray walls sit in silent ranks and watch the shadows they love live upon the screen. Every night the world knocks at the barred doors and is admitted and lo, the bolts and bars no longer exist! The cinema is triumphant over cells.

One of the men told me that they never abuse their picture privileges, "because it is our only contact with the world outside."

And after we had watched them watching "Within the Law," they didn't need to tell us that. After we had heard them applaud the message of greeting Norma had sent them via Miss Livingstone in lieu of her own presence among them, a brief, hearty little message saying, simply, "Hullo. Norma," we didn't need them to tell us that they love pictures and the people in them.

A strong dramatic scene from *"Within the Law,"* in which *Norma Talmadge*, as *Mary Turner*, does some of her finest work.

There wasn't one bit of humor in that picture that they missed. They love to laugh, the men up there. They are grateful when the screen brings them laughter. They haven't much other opportunity. There wasn't one bit of drama or pathos that they didn't respond to, by a silence so deep and so appreciative as to put the ordinary fan audience to shame. And when Lew Cody came out to speak to them, stepping, as it were, in the flesh from the film, their applause echoed and reverberated against the grim gray walls.

BEFORE the picture was run we had "prison fare" served us very graciously by some of "the men." And as we ate we talked with them. We asked them if they had any particular favorites among the screen players. We wondered who would most appeal to men deprived of liberty.

"What man on the screen is most popular with you?" we asked one of them.

"We like Bert Lytell about the best," one of the boys, a young man with a nice face and a quiet voice told us, "we like the kind of pictures he plays in and the kind of a man he seems to be."

"How about Mary Pickford?" we pressed.

"We love Miss Pickford," he said, "she's awful pretty and sweet, but her pictures are rather 'small-town stuff,' we think."

Perhaps it is only those among us who are at peace with their own souls who can really enjoy the gentle Mary.

"We're strong for Thomas Meighan, too," another of "the boys" said, "all of the boys are for him. He sent us our projection machine, you know. He must be pretty white.

"And we love comedies. Charlie Chaplin and Buster Keaton and Harold Lloyd. They make us laugh and we like anyone who can make us laugh.

"Of course we love Norma and Constance Talmadge. Some of the boys have pictures of Miss Constance to cheer them up.

"And we like good melodramas if they have any sense to them."

"Are there any sort of pictures that you don't like?" we inquired of this so-zealous fan.

"We don't care for vamp pictures," he said, quickly.

AFTERWARD, we asked Mr. Eytinge why he thought "the boys" object to vamp pictures, and Mr. Eytinge told us that it is because "up there" the men get a different feeling toward women. Perhaps because they miss feminine society so much they begin to appreciate what it stands for in life, in their own lives, and what women really mean, and they resent seeing the distortions as demonstrated by so-called "vamps."

Sort of makes the screen a more significant thing to us, doesn't it to you?

We, you and the rest of us "outside," drop in casually to any one of a dozen different picture houses to while an idle hour or so away with Charlie Chaplin or Douglas Fairbanks. Often as not, we think very little about it. It's no "special privilege." Up there, it's different. Up the river, to those men in sombre grey, the screen is the world they have left behind them. Mary Pickford represents the girl in the old home town, the sweet girl who gave them their first dreams.

Mary Carr is the mother whose myriad hearts they have broken, but never estranged. Jackie Coogan is the little chap they used to be. Charlie Chaplin is the fun of Life, the door of which is closed, if only temporarily, against them. Lew Cody and Bert Lytell and Douglas Fairbanks are the men they might have been "if only." Gallant valiant types they still may be "some day."

It *is* significant, isn't it? Significant and splendid and sad. The missionary movies, with only the savouring salt of dreams and hope to rub into open wounds.

WHAT THE NEWS REELS NEED IS Real News

Siamese Royal Dancing Ballet—a typical news reel scene.

The mayors of twelve cities visit *Liberty Bell* in *Philadelphia*, among them *Mayor Hylan*.

Eileen Glane, an eighteen-year-old dancer of *San Francisco*.

Recent *survey of news service* reveals an appalling *quantity of dull subjects* on the screen—*Need for improvement*

By Charles E. Dexter

THE MOVIE news reel is standing stock still.

Except for a few unusual features, principally scenes from distant lands, taken by intrepid cameramen, the news reel of the present day is as progressive as the old wooden Indian who used to stand in front of the corner cigar store.

As a news reel, it is as wildly interesting as a copy of the August, 1888 issue of Farm and Fireside.

Most movies can stand up and face criticism. Many movies are made with little relation to reality. Some are badly acted, some are poorly produced. But all, with the exception of a few total failures, have some points of merit.

The news reel of today is no different from the news reel of one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten years ago.

The same old pictures of battleships roll over the same old sea.

The same old aeroplanes fly through the same old skies.

The same old oil well catches fire and sends the same old billowing smoke into the heavens, and the same old red tint is used to indicate the flames, and the same old orchestra plays the same old quick march.

The same old young girls, or at any rate, the younger sisters of the same old older girls, dance the same old dance of the same old roses in Pensacola, or San Diego, or Augusta. The same old puppies, horses, deer, kittens, frolic in the same old way.

And soon, when we begin to tire of seeing natives of Nigeria, Wamaqua, Mozambique, Thibet, Hindustan and other outlying districts, the news reel, at present about 20 per cent interesting, will be a total loss.

These observations are not personal. They are the result of my attendance at the leading motion picture theatres of New York City, where each week selections are made from the half a dozen [illegible] news reel [illegible]ies. The audience watches each weekly reel with attention, hopefully, eagerly. Occasionally it sees a sequence of scenes which are highly interesting: A film showing Kemal Pasha riding through the streets of Constantinople is at least educational. But as a rule the average reel of supposedly current events is a fraud. The events it shows are neither current nor events. They are scenes which were taken simply because they were easy to take.

The movie audience is growing restless under this constant repetition of incidents devoid of all interest. It growls at the inevitable pictures of battleships and aeroplanes. It sighs when the usual fire or the usual picture showing the aftermath of a wreck, a storm, or a flood, is screened. The movie audience, I believe, would cheerfully support a news reel which made a pretense of showing the news. The success of pictorial newspapers prove this point, so far as I am concerned. But news reel producers do not seem to find initiative worth while. They prefer rather to set up the usual dry-as-dust fare and let it go at that.

Four years ago I heard a motion picture producer outline his idea of the news reel of the future.

"In years to come," he said, "the news reel will almost take the place of the morning newspaper. Commuters riding to town will see a digest of yesterday's news flashed on a screen hung at one end of the railway carriage in which they are traveling. An evening edition of the news will be shown in the movie theatres, giving the high spots in the day's local events and flashes from happenings at more distant points. The news reel has more possibilities than the newspaper. The newspaper is cold type. The news reel is a living record of action."

HAS THE news reel advanced a single step toward the fulfillment of this prophecy? Has it not stood stock still, even losing ground, because, since the end of the war, it has been unable to show stirring scenes of troops in motion or the rulers of the nations going about their business of conferring with each other?

I believe that the news reel producers should entirely revise their methods.

First of all, they should speed up their work.

Second, they should release their films daily instead of weekly or semi-weekly.

Third, they should use the regular newspaper news ticker service as the source of their material, and instead of photographing scheduled events, they should try to be on the scene of unexpected happenings, murders, accidents, etc., as quickly as the newspaper photographer and reporter.

This morning's newspaper, for instance, might

(*Continued on page* 31)

HAROLD LLOYD'S Screen Fame

Harold Lloyd's shell glasses are as closely identified with him as *Chaplin's* shoes are with *Charlie.*

HOW CAN I tell my own story? How can I make you believe that only a few years ago, I, who am today a famous comedian of the screen, was glad to get any job, was satisfied with three dollars a day to keep my body and soul together?

Yet that is the truth. Then I was Harold Lloyd. Today I am. still Harold Lloyd. I look at myself in the mirror, see the same features, the same dark eyes, same black hair. What magic has lifted me into heights toward which I never aspired?

Sometimes I lie awake at night after a hard day in the studio, wondering at it all. What has happened? I was poor, dreadfully, fearfully poor, and now I am wealthy beyond all expectations. Fame I never hoped to grasp, yet fame has come to me.

Where was the turning point? Was it a miracle that gave me my lift? Was it chance?

I don't believe so.

As you read my story, you will see how, at each cross road, some signpost pointed out to me the path I was to take. You may be inclined to say: "Wasn't he the lucky chap?"

I don't believe in destiny of that sort. I don't believe I was destined to succeed as I have succeeded. The truth lies half-way between blind chance and self-mastery.

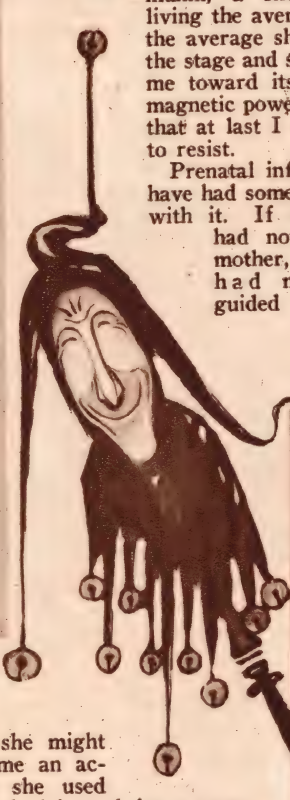
Yet as I look back to those early days in the Middle West, I cannot help being thrilled again to think that it was I who passed through first one commonplace adventure, then another, to emerge here in Los Angeles, a motion picture star.

I was born in Burchard, in the State of Nebraska. Burchard is just a by-station, a small town. There are hundreds of Burchards in these United States. and thousands of boys in each of these Burchards. I was one of the thousands of boys of my day and age.

My parents were poor. They were so poor that they trekked from one town to another, to Humboldt, also in Nebraska, when I was only a year old, and then, when I was two, to Denver.

Denver was my big city, actually the town in which I was brought up, and even then a ragamuffin, a shoeless boy, living the average life of the average shoeless boy, the stage and screen drew me toward itself with a magnetic power so strong that at last I was unable to resist.

Prenatal influence may have had something to do with it. If my mother had not been my mother, if her life had not been guided in another direction, she might have become an actress, for she used to say she had longed for a stage career. As a girl before she married, she took part in amateur theatrical performances in her home town.



But her parents stood in her way. They refused to allow their daughter to become an actress, so she married and so I was born. As far back as I can remember, I used to play-act. I recall one of the rooms in which we lived, a good-sized bedroom with a broad, old-fashioned, high-backed bed at one end. When Dad was out working and mother was busy downstairs, I would assemble all the chairs in the house in that room, stick hats on them, and then, jumping on the bed, proceed to speak my piece. Sometimes I would play Simon Legree, spurring on the bloodhounds to the pursuit of poor Eliza. Sometimes I would be Jesse James, lurking in the shadow of a tree, about to hold up a stage coach.

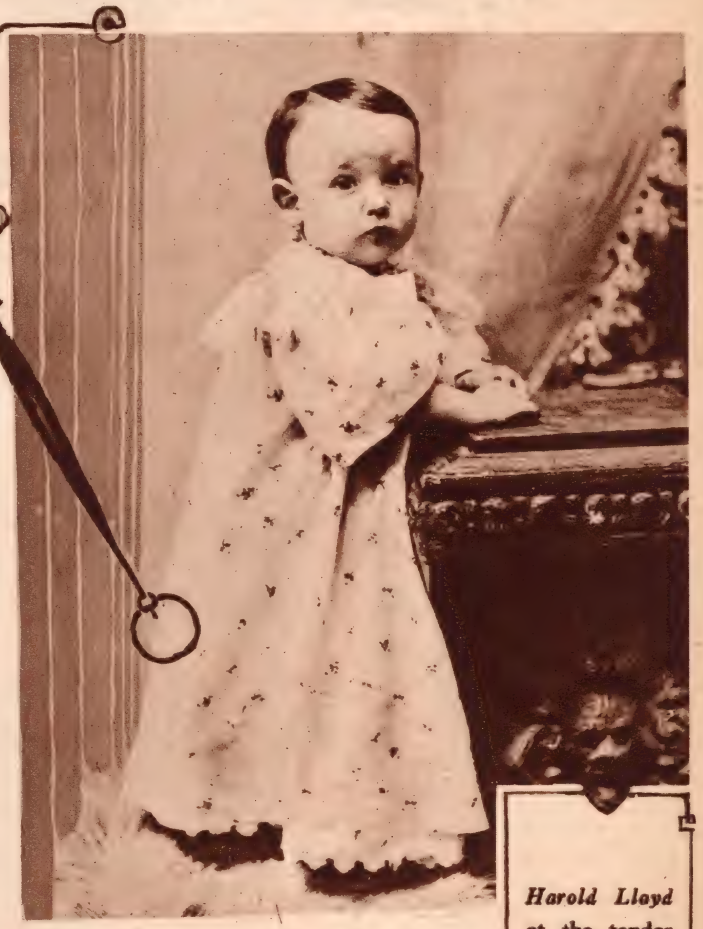
BUT WHEN anyone entered the room, I would quit. I could not face an audience in those days.

Another prediction of the future was my interest in magic. In fact, my first public performances were devoted to making cards and coins disappear, to the vast amusement of the small boys in my Denver neighborhood. In some way I caught on to first one trick and then another. My gang would assemble in a vacant lot near my home and I would try out my latest stunts on them.

This keen interest in magic has remained with me through the years. Even as a boy I made a careful study of the art of the trickster. My nerve increased with my ability, and the time came when I entertained my mother and father and their friends in our parlor back home.

I RECALL vividly one winter when magic was a veritable passion with me. That winter I ran more errands for the neighbors than is the usual wont of small boys and with the pennies I had earned in that way safe in my pockets, I would trot around from one store to another, looking over new trick books and magic contrivances with eager eyes. We were poor. I had no allowance, and all the money I earned was spent on the luxury of fooling other people. Perhaps that love of legerdemain was an evidence of my future interest in the legerdemain of the screen, the fascinating tricks it plays upon others who witness its silent activity.

We were poor, but poverty is not always an evil. We had to live. I had to have clothes and little things without which no boy is happy. So I went to work. Still a little shaver, I bought a newspaper route for the Denver Post and built it up to so good a business that I even hired several boys to help me distribute the newspapers. I was only eight then, and just when my income was growing so fast that I had visions of a career as a successful business man, my father accepted a position as manager for a sewing machine company with headquarters at Beatrice, Nebraska, and we moved there.



Harold Lloyd at the tender age of two.

You have probably never heard of Beatrice,

Own Story of His Rise to

Famous film comedian tells how his screen success was a *hard uphill fight* in this, the first gripping instalment of his autobiography, *"My Life in the Movies."* Written in collaboration with *Lawrence Langdon*

Nebraska. It is not much of a town, and it did not offer much of an opportunity to a lad of eight or nine, nor did it offer any better opportunity to my father. He made even less money than in Denver. His income depended on the number of sewing machines he sold, and sales were very small indeed. But although poverty oppressed me, I did not realize fully what it meant. I knew that I ought to do something, that I ought to earn money somehow. It was not possible to run a newspaper route in Beatrice. Beatrice was too small to bother about reading newspapers.

As day after day passed and our funds grew smaller and smaller, the realization I had to do something, that I had to go to work, dawned upon me. I had to help my father and my mother.

Finally I came to the conclusion that popcorn selling might be a good source of revenue. I remember one morning when the idea first struck me. Popcorn is just stuff that people put into glazed paper containers and it sticks to their fingers when they try to eat it, but that morning popcorn seemed as big and as new a discovery to me as an oil gusher. I ran to my mother with my idea.

"Ma," I said, "do you think I could make any money selling popcorn down at the station?"

She looked at me and laughed.

"Sonny, if you think you can sell popcorn, go ahead."

"Will you help me?" In my boy's bank just seventy-five cents was left. "I will buy the corn, ma."

She laughed again, and although I did not observe it at the time, a trace of sadness must have lingered in her voice. She kissed me.

"I will do the popping for you, boy," she whispered. I laughed enthusiastically.

"And I will do the selling," I boasted.

AND SO, at ten years old, I went into business again. Although I was only a kid popcorn merchant, although popcorn seems to have little enough to do with the stage or the screen, it led me again to the theatres, for it was in their vicinity that I built up my business.

When you get older, you sometimes think that work is just work without the reward of satisfaction, but when you are a boy, everything, even work, is play. So I played industriously at selling popcorn, and my industry made me successful. My little business spread. I went about it methodically, and before we quit Beatrice, it was flourishing. I sold popcorn at noon at the factories. Three times a day I visited the railroad station and sold it on the trains, and whenever a show was in town, I worked the playhouse.

BUT DAD decided he wanted to go back to Denver again, and to Denver we returned. I was now eleven, and when, after a few months, Dad decided to try his luck in Omaha, we moved to that city, where I was really initiated into my stage work. Father and mother decided to supplement father's income with money earned from the renting of rooms, so we moved into an immense house, and as Dad's business kept him on the road most of the time, mother decided she would rent out some of the rooms.

Harold Lloyd and his mother, who always believed her boy would "make good."

At just about this time an incident occurred, one of those little details of the day which gave me my first boost toward a position in the show business. The lives of most people are nothing more than a succession of minor incidents, each apparently unimportant in itself. But my own experience has proven that the smallest details of our daily existence may and often do lead us down into paths into which we, of our free will, never would have started.

I was in Omaha. My mother, as I said, was renting rooms, my father was on the road. One day I left the house and took a walk downtown. My interest in magic was as lively as ever, and I decided to ramble along and see what the Omaha stores had to offer in the way of new tricks. In the neighborhood of a theatre, where at that time the Burwood Stock Company was playing, was a little store. A group stood before the window watching a man demonstrating something.

I pushed my way through the crowd and saw an astrologer, a man who claimed he could foretell the future by the aid of the stars, the planets and the moon. On an easel stood a big chart of the heavens, to which he made reference from time to time. I stood there engrossed, unconscious of my surroundings, fascinated by this new revelation, for at that time it was a revelation to me that men should pretend to read in the stars the workings of inscrutable Fate.

Now you know that small boys are supposed to be more interested in watching fires than anything else in the world, but I can assure you that at that moment little Harold Lloyd never heard the clanging of fire bells, the rush of the horse-drawn engines that came tearing down the street.

ONE BY one the members of the crowd deserted the window, running scurrying to the fire. But that chart had an even greater appeal to me. I was fascinated by it and so I stayed.

At that moment a handsome, well-dressed man was strolling down that Omaha street. He, too, had heard the fire bells, but his dignity and the cane he wore precluded his giving way to the desire to see the firemen fight the flames. So he halted before the window and looked too at the chart, standing beside the lone small boy that was I.

He seemed to wonder why I had not followed the crowd, and asked me.

"Gee," I replied, "I never even heard the bells. Do you believe in the stuff this guy is talking about?"

He laughed. "You never can tell," he remarked, shaking his head. We chatted on. He seemed to be interested in me, for we walked together quite a distance.

(*Continued on page* 30)

"The Famous Mrs. FAIR" Version of Play

"Westbound Limited," "You Can't Fool Your Wife" and "What Wives Want" are among other pictures of the week reviewed

By Lewis F. Levenson

"THE FAMOUS MRS. FAIR"

Excellent Comedy of Married Life

"The Famous Mrs. Fair" is rare among films. Derived from the stage play in which Blanche Bates and Henry Miller starred, it has been transferred to the screen with little loss of its good humor, its engagingly human situations, and its dramatic development.

In other words, it is as good a movie as it was a play.

Here we have the story of the woman who goes to war and who returns a war heroine. Instead of resuming her pre-war vocation of mother and wife, she cannot slack down. She leaves her home for the lecture platform, and what happens to that home is the theme of the picture.

Principally because Fred Niblo, who directed the film, refused to concede anything to movie traditions, he has created something that will give pleasure to all sophisticated fans. Some movie-ites may like blood and thunder, but the majority are satisfied with a screen story that is near to life. This picture is near to life; none of its characters are over-virtuous or over-vicious. They act pretty much as all of us are wont to act, and so we are interested in them and their problems.

Marguerite de la Motte, as the daughter who changes from a girl with hair down her back to an emphatic flapper, carries off the acting honors. She creates a living character, something unusual for the average screen actress. Second honors go to Myrtle Stedman as Mrs. Fair. Miss Stedman is maturely beautiful, well poised. Huntley Gordon, as the father and husband, the man who doesn't quite know what it is all about, but suspects that so long as he is enjoying life everything is all right, is sufficient in his role. Cullen Landis and Ward Crane complete the excellent cast.

The real credit for the merit of this film must go to Fred Niblo, however. He has directed it straightforwardly, honestly.

You will enjoy this picture with its humorous sub-titles and its human situations.

"Your Vamping Days Are Over," says *Lewis Stone* to *Nita Naldi* in *"You Can't Fool Your Wife."*

"WESTBOUND LIMITED"

Railroad Melodrama

Although "Westbound Limited" gives a picture of the life of a railroad engineer, it is several stens awav from reality.

Few railroad engineers are ever fortunate enough to be able to save the daughter of the company president from death. And few are rewarded by being presented with stucco bungalows.

Ralph Lewis and *Claire MacDowell* receive good news in *"Westbound Limited."*

Yet, for all its obvious hokum, its impossible villain, and its tearful juvenile, "Westbound Limited" is a better-than-average film. Its photography is exceptionally good, and the grimy scenes in the railway yards, its industrial shots, have been filmed so pleasingly that toil is made something beautiful to look upon.

So, without doubt, it will be as successful as the two other Emory Johnson productions which preceded it, "In the Name of the Law" and "The Third Alarm." Mr. Johnson has found one of the formulae for success. Briefly, it consists of producing films which attract a certain large group of workers. He preaches pretty soft stuff to them. Unlike the mining film, "The Little Church Around the Corner," he shows none of their troubles, none of their hardships. He shows them smiling, well-fed, contented. And he makes no effort to accomplish anything toward their betterment. Instead he gives them a well-rounded film, filled to the brim with all of the old stuff of the 10-20-30 melodrama.

Without question, they like this sort of provender, for his productions have made money.

Here we have the story of an engineer who becomes suspicious of his wife, and of a railroad president who has the usual sort of wife-beating, scheming assistant in love with his daughter.

The son of the engineer wins the daughter and saves a train from being wrecked. The engineer regrets his suspicions and the villain gets shot in the shoulder.

Because of the rather too large number of persons in the cast and the venerable and hoary dramatic situations, "Westbound Limited" never

is fine SCREEN

Ethel Gray Terry tells *Ramsey Wallace* what wives want in *"What Wives Want."*

Marguerite de la Motte **confesses to her mother,** ***Myrtle Stedman,*** **in** ***"The Famous Mrs. Fair."***

grips very strongly. But it is a different sort of film and will therefore bring some amusement to those who see it.

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"YOU CAN'T FOOL YOUR WIFE"

But These Husbands Do

Waldemar Young, who wrote the scenario of this George Melford production, must have chucked in its title as an afterthought. It doesn't fit. But its converse proposition, "You Can Fool Your Wife," would have been open to the suspicion of preaching immorality. Hence, Movie Rule No. 889: "Hide all film immorality under the bushel of a smart and apparently moral title and you can get away with it."

"You Can't Fool Your Wife" is the dramatization of a paragraph in Town Topics. If you have ever chanced upon that worthy publication you will recall such paragraphs as:

"A violent flirtation between a daring Wall Street speculator and the wife of a noted surgeon is one of the conversational tid-bits of Miami at present."

The scene of this film is mostly Miami. Its various characters are cursed with too much money; they live in homes which have as much floor space as the Woolworth Building; and they attend midnight bathing suit parties and bootleggers' balls.

One of them, the broker, a man of 40, flirts with the surgeon's wife, and spends a night at Nassau with her. Another husband flirts with a maid. The other two men in the cast are as righteous as church deacons. If the story stopped with these incidents, it might have been a high society satire. But it must forsooth wander on into a few impossible and supposedly dramatic scenes, to end with a dull thud.

Leatrice Joy, as the fooled wife, heads the cast and embellishes it with her attractiveness and her many expensive gowns. Nita Naldi, as the vamp, doesn't dress quite so well or act so well. But Nita is Nita. Her bizarre beauty suffices. She doesn't have to act.

Lewis Stone has a role which is much like many another he has played since it was first discovered that he is the typical erring husband. Tom Carrigan does a bit of good character work. Pauline Garon is a flapper.

The settings of this film are grand and glorious, done with all the usual extravagance of Famous Players.

For a few reels, "You Can't Fool Your Wife" is fair entertainment. Toward the end it becomes a vapid movie pyrotechnical display.

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"WHAT WIVES WANT"

A Film Which Should Have Been Better

If this picture had been named "Don't Beat Your Wife," it would have been one of the dramatic smashes of the year. Two wives wander through the story. One gets beaten good and proper. The other faints at each important climax. Indeed, the real hero of the film is the man who discovered the properties of spirits of ammonia. And the audience, promised a revelation worthy of a place in the ethical history of the world alongside of the Ten Commandments, never learns what wives want. Neither gets what she wants nor what she deserves.

The first and leading wife, Claire Windsor, has a husband who, like a good many of his screen predecessors, works nights, leaving her to the none too scrupulous care of his trusted business partner. She tries mild flirtation, enjoys it mildly, but soon tires of it and starts out in quest of more lively amusement.

The second wife, her sister, tries to save Claire from being caught in the "canyon lodge" of the villain. Blame falls on her and her husband takes her home and beats her. When he finds he has made a mistake, he runs out of the house and tries to commit suicide by being run over by an automobile.

We thus have a film which concludes with a scene showing two of the characters in bed, attended by a doctor and a trained nurse. The other couple spend the final close-up out in the garden, looking at a beautiful sunset.

Rather selfish of them, eh what? They might have been considerate enough to get the flu or at least a case of German measles.

This weak conclusion spoils a film which is built up nicely to a climax which never quite comes. The scene in the lodge, in which two husbands arrive on the scene, to find both of their wives spending the afternoon with the villain, is pretty old stuff, as old, we should imagine, as the majority of the tales in the Decameron.

And Cecil B. De Mille used to do this sort of thing much better.

Ethel Grey Terry, as the wife who almost cheats, is by far the best in the rather mediocre cast. Vernon Steele, Ramsey Wallace, Niles Welch and Margaret Landis, are the others.

▣ ▣ ▣ ▣ ▣

"THE TOWN SCANDAL"

Chorus Girl Comedy

Although "The Town Scandal" appears to have been rushed in the making, it has the merit of being mildly amusing and slightly original, enough merit to make it a fairly satisfactory little picture.

Gladys Walton is the star. She plays the role of a chorus girl, in a New York show, who hails from a little town "a sleeper jump" from the metropolis. All the respected business men of her home town, men who are incidentally members of the local Purity League, drop in on her when they are in New York and make ardent love to her. How she shows them up and breaks up the reform campaign back home forms the main theme of the tale.

This theme might have furnished the material for a corking good feature if it had been worked out not quite so carelessly. Miss Walton's supporting cast is poor and the settings are shabby, but even with these drawbacks the little Universal star is able to give a good performance.

Moreover, it does one good to see the reformers get it in the neck for once, even if they are only screen reformers.

Frederic Hatton wrote the story. We imagine that it was a better story than the picture and much of the Hatton humor was lost in the filming. King Baggot, of old-time Imp memories, directed.

RICARDO CORTEZ
appearing in
PARAMOUNT PICTURES

DONALD BIDDLE KEYES

PAUL GRENBEAUX

JANE NOVAK
starring in
"DIVORCE"

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Barthelmess' face shows many contradictions

Character expert searches features of *Richard Barthelmess* and discloses a *wealth of intimate knowledge* of Dick's inner self

By Vincent de Sola

NOTE: *What is the secret of each screen player's personal magnetism? With what traits of character does he or she command attention, hold the public, win affection?*

Mr. de Sola will answer questions such as these by a scientific physiognomical analysis of the features of each player as he or she actually is, as we would find them to be through long acquaintance, close study, and intimate contact.—EDITOR.

Richard Barthelmess

CHARACTER READING: *This is the face of a man whose sensitiveness is the pivot of all his characteristics. In that sensitiveness there is self-criticism, an awareness of all personal slights, and a tendency to escape from facts through dreaming. It is a nature at war with itself; capable of great understanding, reflective and perceptive, and yet submitting to perversities and contradictions with satiric humor.*

"The face of *Barthelmess*," says *de Sola*, "is that of a dreamer."

THE NAME of Richard Barthelmess invariably recalls the associate names of D. W. Griffith and the Gish sisters. Film audiences remember him from early days as a perfect leading man, whose work has always been stamped with artistry.

Now Barthelmess, in spite of his good looks, has never, I think it safe to say, attained the position of a matinee idol. There is in him something faintly forbidding, which denies him this variety of popularity. I am speaking, of course, of audiences as a whole, not as regards isolated admirers.

It is therefore a tribute to his exceedingly fine work in the films that the public has continued to demand and patronize his playing. He is almost alone among leading men, an actor who holds his audiences by skill and intelligence rather than by a mere unassisted "magnetism."

The springs of his ability and his appeal are not far to seek, nor are the reasons for his lack of a more persuasive magnetism obscure.

Recall his roles from the days of "Broken Blossoms" to "Fury." He is never the cocksure and capable young man of the variety played in differing keys by Douglas Fairbanks, by the late Wallace Reid, by dozens of lesser-known leading men. Barthelmess invests his parts with his own personality: that of a sensitive, brooding, vaguely bitter man, fighting the cruelty of circumstance. His mouth will twitch, his hands gesture vaguely, helplessly, and his smile of victory is a trifle grim, as if the victory were not completely satisfying.

It is this repeated part, this rather more intellectual attack, that gives Barthelmess his place. No other film actor can equal his rendering of a role of sensitiveness or despair.

Observe the bony nose, high, proud, and speaking of his sensitiveness first of all. His mouth, set in an almost mathematically straight line, is the mouth of a man who has cultivated stoicism to a degree so large as to receive the worst rebuffs of life with calm expectation.

I do not mean that the life of Barthelmess, about which I am free to confess I know nothing, is notable for anything despairing, sensitive or unhappy. Personality and character are never subject to environment or circumstance. Even kings, for instance, are popularly supposed to be somewhat wretched individuals. Barthelmess has humor, too, though it is a peculiar, almost eccentric humor. He can appreciate simian pranks, and the set of his eyes would seem to indicate a liking for burlesque, for sharp satire and parody.

HE IS no man of action. He is, for all his materialistic viewpoint, a dreamer of many dreams. He definitely needs adulation, but it must be subtle adulation addressed to his intelligence, not mere slavish admiration of his good looks and physical personality. He likes to escape from the facts of a world that he sees too well. His perception and extraordinary sensitiveness have made him somewhat bitter.

There is, too, an intellectual cruelty in the face. He is quick to defend himself, and slow to forgive a wound. But he is philosophically, and even humorously, aware of his own weaknesses. He can censure himself for an action during that action, not afterwards through the more general medium of regret; but this understanding does not halt him nevertheless.

He is fastidious, and he has a quality rare in actors, the quality of instinctive good taste. He has the gifts of imagination and analysis, and he has an extremely good mind. It is a mind, however, that is not fluent. Rather it subjects all new ideas and impressions to a set of reliable formulae, and catalogs them according to a system of neat classifications.

The nostrils show his definite dramatic talents. The eyebrows give us some indication of his quickness to feel a slight. In spite of his eyes with their direct, courageous stare, he is not intuitive. Here even his sensitiveness does not help him. He feels much, but is more reliant upon analysis than any other faculty.

TRIVIAL conventions have no hold upon him. He has no self-consciousness about the minor customs of life to which most of us are so subservient. He is reticent, and inclined to commune deeply with himself alone. For this reason his emotions, through repression, seem larger than they actually are.

Obviously it is a face of many contradictions, a dreamer who dreams in order to escape the truth he sees too well, a man whose awareness of the inconsistency of life, includes an awareness of his own inconsistencies. But primarily it is an intelligent face, and the face of an able actor.

The Girl of the Golden West

Famous stage melodrama reaches the screen

I.—In the *Polka Saloon*, the *Girl of the Golden West* (*Sylvia Breamer*), meets and dances with *Ramerrez* (*J. Warren Kerrigan*), a noted bandit.

II.—*Nina* (*Rosemary Theby*), is a former sweetheart of *Ramerrez*, who still loves him and the sight of his intimacy with the *Girl* drives her frantic with jealousy. *Nina* appeals to *Ramerrez* to return her love, but the road agent is only calmly amused.

IV.—The *Girl* now learns that her lover is a bandit, but it only strengthens her desire to protect him. When he seeks her cabin, wounded, she hides him in the loft above, just as *Rance*, the sheriff, enters.

III.—"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," and it is so now with *Nina*, as her love turns to hate. She tells *Jack Rance* (*Russell Simpson*), the sheriff, of the real identity of *Ramerrez*.

V.—*Rance* is about to leave the cabin, assured that *Ramerrez* is not there, when a drop of blood falls upon his hand from above. The *Girl* now persuades him to gamble with her for her love or *Ramerrez*' freedom, and *Rance* loses.

VI.—True to the gambler's tradition, *Rance* accepts the cards' decree and leaves the *Girl* alone with *Ramerrez*, and in the darkness of the night they both escape to a new life made possible by the miracle of love.

Should married screen stars separate occasionally?

Movie folk on West Coast who are *joined in holy wedlock* tell how they feel about *taking occasional vacations* from each other :: *By Grace Kingsley*

SHOULD husbands and wives occasionally take a vacation from each other?

As the most married people on earth, the film folk ought to be good at handing out expert answers on the question.

Because all film players either have been—sometimes often—are, or hope to be, married.

Opinion here, however, is as much divided as elsewhere.

Even so staid, decorous, and conventional a married man as Charlie Ray believes that an occasional vacation from one's mate is a good thing.

"There are some couples," declared Charlie whimsically, "who ought to have a year's vacation from each other every few months! There are other couples who ought to have fifteen years' vacation apart, and still others who should have about eighty years! Seriously, though, an occasional vacation from each other's society is good for married people. This makes for a much deeper appreciation of each other than if they are always together.

"Married people should be the best of friends as well as the best of lovers. But even bosom friends will have a falling out if they see too much of each other. I knew a couple of fellows, who had been friends for years—regular pals—but they started out on a long hiking trip together, fell out on the third day, and have never spoken to each other since. In so much more delicate an adjustment between personalities required by husband and wife, the only wonder is that more couples do not part! . . . Yes, my wife agrees with me in everything I say!"

Charlie Chaplin says: "Take your vacations beforehand!"

***Bryant Washburn* and his family are never apart.**

Separate vacations smooth the matrimonial seas, agree the *King Vidors*.

"I haven't been married long enough to need a vacation," says *Alice Terry*, wife of *Rex Ingram*.

THEDA BARA has yet to be heard from, but her husband, Charles Brabin, noted picture director, says:

"Occasional connubial vacations stimulate romance, which should be a part of every marriage."

You recollect that Florence Vidor went down to Honolulu for several weeks' stay, and is there now. After she left, her husband declared that marital vacations are excellent things, explaining the attitude of himself and his wife in the matter.

"When married life gets too strenuous, either Mrs. Vidor or myself takes a vacation for a while," he explained. "A few weeks' separation works wonders. When we are together once more, it is like honeymooning all over again." It is true that Mrs. Vidor and myself are in one of our periodical spells of the matrimonial blues. We have reached that stage where we are continually spatting and pouting at each other. Nothing that either of us can do satisfies the other. But that does not mean that we are contemplating any permanent separation. Earlier in our married life these spells of dissatisfaction brought us to the conclusion that we were not mated. A short separation, however, soon cured us of any such delusion."

ALICE TERRY, wife of Rex Ingram, and his leading woman, said the other day: "I haven't been married long enough yet to feel the need of a vacation, that's certain. And the one picture in which I

(*Continued on page 29*)

Breasting the big snows with Alice Brady

The third fascinating instalment of "*The Diary of a Scenario Writer*" on location in the Canadian Wilds with *Alice Brady*

By Sonya Levien

THE following diary was written by Sonya Levien, the well-known scenario writer, who prepared the continuity for "The Snow Bride," and then accompanied the Alice Brady Company into the Canadian wilds, where the exterior scenes were made. Miss Levien's diary is a human document of hardship in the open.—EDITOR.

January 5, 1923.

Someone is going to the next trading post and I'm hoping this will reach you. We haven't yet started shooting—got everything prepared and the sun went behind a cloud and refused to come out.

We sleep seventeen in a space no larger than our library. It's like Russia. Windows hermetically sealed. This morning—though warm within—my breath had formed a white hoar frost over my hair and it looked like a white wig. As long as we keep walking we keep warm—the minute we stop two of the Indians immediately make a fire nearby or we would freeze. It takes about one minute for my hand to be frozen if I take it out of the mitten—really frozen so that it takes an hour to get over it.

But one never has the feeling of suffering—the way we do in New York—or even in California last winter. It is so dry! Today it has been ten below in the sun, but it feels like our 30 above at least. At night it drops to 30 or 40 below and it is fearful! Nevertheless, we walked to the falls last night—four miles—a very few of us—and I returned *heated*—such strenuous effort to walk in 18 inches of snow.

We did not have snow-shoes on. We don't wear them, as the moccasins keep us afloat on the frozen snow. As for moccasins—there is nothing like it in creation for footing it on snow. I am wedded to them for life—hope to try them out on you some winter in New Hampshire, or even in our backyard. Most wonderful things for warmth and comfort. I wear them over four pairs of stockings and a thick felt casing at the bottom—inside of them—an extra sole one puts in to keep the wet from penetrating to stockings.

When the snow does stick to stockings above the moccasins, the outer stocking freezes immediately and does not penetrate to others. The ways of the cold are so unaccountable to one who has never experienced it before.

The food is one big heart-burn of fats.

January 6, 1923.

Still have some time before the partridge feast—so here's another. Most of the crowd has dispersed and Mr. Kolker is playing solitaire amid Miss Brady's cold cream and the men's safety razors and a bedroom slipper of Miss Broune's—all on a tiny table. "Steamboat" is supposed to clean this place. He is a half breed who sleeps in a chair near the stove so that he can feed the stove all night—a stove fed by wood to keep the bunk warm.

The door is frozen and we are in for the winter it seems. They do not want to break it in—and we have been here for an hour trying to go to the other cottage for the partridge. They are pouring hot water on the lock which is frozen so that the handle cannot be turned. In the meantime someone is trying to get in! Lefty suggests that they use my hot water bag on it.

Had a gorgeous day and did quite some shooting—the fight between Indian Charlie and the Sheriff. It was 32 below zero when we started out. Fifteen of us writing letters in a space of four feet square, two men shaving—Lefty writing and talking at the same time. The lather has taken the skin off the adenoids of Ned Hay.

Alice Brady says she's the fastest writer in the bunch because she's travel-trained and can talk as fast as she can write and is telling the men that if they used depilatories for shaving they would get ulcers. Thus a conversation started on what we use under our armpits. What we won't know about each other when we get through!

We started and walked four miles to take the falls—as a close-up of avalanche to establish menace. We arrived *warm*—though it was 32 below all the time. We walked over dangerous ice, which broke under our feet constantly—one is thrilled every second. The cameras and men were lowered with ropes. If you saw me climbing down and then up again all alone—you would have passed out! One thousand feet of sheer snow and ice, lifting myself by my arms and swinging my legs around evergreens. Twice the ice cracked under me. But always we have a gang of Indians with us to show us how to do things in the correct manner—giving us the limit of safety and danger.

One Indian walked ahead cracking the ice with his hatchet to see how thick it was and how much it could hold. The minute we stopped a roaring fire was built to keep our hands and feet from freezing. A bed of balsam, upon which we sat and took our moccasins and socks off to shake the snow from them. Otherwise the snow would melt and soak in from heat of fire. We took some stills. I'll get one of those.

I was the only girl this morning in the gang, but Alice Brady came up later. She's one great little sport—game and has a good sense of humor. Kolker and I got a lift on a sleigh and got to camp for luncheon. Then off we went to the fight shots on the lake. (A terrible argument is going on between Mrs. Arnott and Haine about whether we can get wires from New York or not—the mail is surely coming in, but as one of them says, we'll get it when we grow old).

According to present plans—(Alice says that her description of the sleigh ride from the train sounds like Nick Carter at his best—a Rolls-Royce going through a ditch at the rate of 80 miles), while Havs is wishing that he had his manicure girl from the Waldorf to give him a face massage—the shave hasn't been a success—present plans, we do not

(*Continued on page* 30)

(ABOVE): ***Sonya Levien* with a one-dog sledge in the *Canadian* woods.**

(IN CIRCLE): We walked over dangerous ice, which broke under our feet constantly—one is thrilled every second. We do not wear snowshoes, as the moccasins keep us afloat in the frozen snow.

In the Screen World of Fashion

1—Marguerite De La Motte in "The Famous Mrs. Fair" wears this frock of orchid georgette over crepe de chine. Scalloped ruffles of thread lace trim the skirt and form the bertha. Garlands of French flowers add a bit of color.

2—In "Mothers-in-Law," Ruth Clifford wears a gown of metal brocade with shoulder straps of jet which also form the back of the bodice.

3—Eleanor Boardman looks demure in this frock of white chiffon with rows of flowers around the tight bodice. The skirt is circular.

4—Virginia Valli in "Up the Ladder," wears this tea gown of satin brocade combined with chiffon and collared with fur.

5—Gloria Swanson wears a soft summer coat of grey chiffon appliqued in yellow and morning glory. The collar and cuffs are of French rabbit.

Beginning The LIFE STORY of a MOVIE ACTRESS

A fascinating disclosure *of a young* girl's life *beset by all the* temptations *that accompany the gilt and tinsel of a* screen career

By Mary Jessop

CHAPTER I.

I WAS brought up in luxury in a beautiful home on Sheridan Road in Chicago and educated in one of the most fashionable schools in that vicinity. Then, when I reached young womanhood, there was the thrill of becoming a debutante. I shall never forget that wonderful party which told the world I was on the marriage market—for, after all, isn't that what a coming-out party amounts to?

Mother died when I was a baby and there was just father, an older sister and myself. Father was in business on La Salle Street and apparently worth a great deal, therefore neither my sister nor I had a care in the world and no occupation except to make ourselves as happy and beautiful as it was possible to be.

I was really a very pretty young girl and Grace, who was ten years old than me and not good-looking, was jealous of me and did very little to make me happy. I remember how lonely I used to feel when she'd go away and leave me home to amuse myself. Yet I cannot blame her, as I had a great love of fun and rather vampish tendencies. I had glorious big eyes and knew it, also I knew how to roll them expressively. Once I was caught practicing on one of my sister's beaux with rather surprising success. After that she kept me out of sight as much as she could.

I loved my father a great deal, but he was deeply interested in his business and hardly knew his family. When we were young he turned us over to a very competent nurse, then a governess, and finally a companion. But he sometimes took us to the opera or for a ride in the high-powered motor which he kept for his own use. These, and other times when he tore himself away from his business affairs long enough to play with us a bit, were the happiest experiences of my childhood.

Impulsively I raised my face and kissed him .

WHEN I was but eighteen and Grace was twenty-eight, he suddenly went to smash financially in the wheat pit, which means that he tried to bull the market and for once overplayed his hand, losing every cent he had. Then he contracted typhoid fever and died suddenly. When his affairs were settled there was absolutely not a penny left. Even the house in which we lived was mortgaged to the limit and he had borrowed the full amount on his life insurance policies. So all Grace and I had was our clothes and jewels. The latter we had to begin selling at once to meet our immediate needs.

It wouldn't have been so bad except that Grace was on the verge of marrying a man who wanted to marry her money, and when the smash came he politely broke the engagement. This made her disposition more sour than ever, poor girl, and she told me dismally that now neither of us could expect ever to marry anyone we wished. She blamed father cruelly, and it seemed positively heartless of her to be so utterly selfish and to entirely forget all that he had done for us and all he would have continued to do if things hadn't so unexpectedly gone against him.

When the doctor told us of how he had pleaded with him to save his life, saying, "Why, doc, I simply can't leave those girls without a cent and with no one to look after them," my heart went out to him for thinking of us first at a time like that. But not so with Grace. "He should have thought of that before," was all she said, and the tone and expression she employed made me shiver.

I never knew my mother, but one of the old servants told me she was cold and hard and selfish, like Grace. That was once, after my sister and I had quarreled and the servant was taking my part. She also added that I was more like my father and that people would always love me and my sunny disposition, exactly as they did him, or would have if he hadn't been so busy.

Grace and I took up life in Chicago in a little three-room flat after father died, but in spite of our economies, it seemed to take a great deal of our little store of money to keep us. So Grace decided that both of us would have to go to work very soon. It was a baffling problem—what to do? Neither of us had the least bit of practical training which would be of use to us in earning our living. Besides, Grace couldn't endure the thought of being seen by her friends going to business. So she decided the thing for us to do was to go to New York and lose ourselves in that big city.

I WAS so young that I had nothing to do but follow the footsteps of my sister. If I made any objections to any of her plans for me, they were quickly set down as "silly." But I didn't want to leave Chicago and my friends there.

"But they'll stop being our friends the minute we go to work," she argued. "They haven't been falling all over themselves to look us up in this little flat, have they? And the less we have the less they'll care for us. It is the way of the world."

"Oh, I hate to think that, Grace," I protested. "I know that some of them—the ones that really count, would like us no matter how poor we were."

But it was useless to argue with her and it ended by our reaching New York one blustery November day.

Here we rented another flat, but much smaller than the one we had left in Chicago. There were two tiny rooms, a bath and a kitchenette. Neither of us knew a thing about cooking and our poor efforts contrasted pitifully with the meals we had been accustomed to having all our lives. We were about as lonely and miserable as two girls could be. I was young for my age and if my sister had mothered me a bit it would not only have cheered me but done her good. She had become harder and more unloving with each step away from riches, calmly planning our destiny, and as always, there was nothing for me to do but fall in with her plans. How I wished for my father! It seemed that the poverty into which I had fallen would mean nothing at all if I just had a little love. Frequently I saw his dear face in my dreams, and oh, how hungrily I held out my arms to him!

IT WOULD seem that someone we had known in our prosperous days in Chicago would have taken it upon themselves to look after us, but I hardly think that any of father's friends knew exactly how badly off we were, or perhaps it was Grace's ungracious way that drove them from us. At any rate, they probably decided that two girls of twenty-eight and eighteen were capable of look-

(*Continued on page* 31)

Where Fan Meets Fan

Have You Ever Met a Screen Star?

Many of you, perhaps, have had the good fortune to see your film favorites in person. If so, we should like to hear your experience. For the best letter on this subject, that will not exceed 150 words, we will award a weekly prize of $5.00. Address your letters to LIFE'S PROBLEM DEPARTMENT, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York.

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

I had the pleasure two weeks ago of being one of the 3,500 who saw Rudolph Valentino and wife at Convention Hall, Rochester, N. Y.

I have seen all the best classic dancers, and in my opinion (and I have heard others say the same) the classic art, grace and beauty of the Argentine Tango as danced by them surpassed anything ever given to the public.

Their act did not appear until 9:15, the prize dancing contest and beauty contest coming before. The audience was on the verge of hysterics when nine o'clock came and they did not appear. By the time they did appear, the noise was deafening. Mr. Valentino made a speech of about ten minutes, speaking in a rich, deep, manly voice. He used excellent English with the fascinating foreign accent. He appeared modest, and far from arrogant.

When he smiled that open, frank smile, which makes him the handsomest of all movie stars, the audience went wild. They whistled, clapped, stamped and cheered; he kept bowing and smiling for about five minutes before the audience calmed down. And let me say right here, that this audience of over 3,500 people was composed of more than half men. I thought the men did not like Valentino! I know they are jealous of him on account of his popularity. Who did all the clapping, whistling and shouting? Surely not the women!

I do not mean to slight Mrs. Valentino. She is a marvelously beautiful woman, and is as talented as her husband, and enjoys all the praise he gets. She seems a part of him, and I do not know another couple who are so truly mated as the Valentinos. I predict that Valentino will be more popular than ever when he returns to the screen, which we all hope will be soon. He is greatly missed. There will never be another Valentino.

M. Y. P.

Dorothy Kingdon Convalescing

Miss Dorothy Kingdon, who is still at the hospital, has asked me to acquaint you with the following facts, hoping you will be kind enough to accord the enclosed statement some little space in your valued magazine, so as to relieve her of the necessity of answering the numerous inquiries from her screen friends as to the outcome of her operation.

"Baroness van Raven, known to screen fans as Dorothy Kingdon, who a few months ago returned from India, where for four years she had been starred in pictures, underwent a major operation in a Brooklyn hospital at the hands of Dr. J. S. Dorian; she is resting quietly and hopes to soon be able to return to the screen. A neglected injury, received in India, made the operation imperative."

Thanking you in advance for any courtesies you may extend to her in this matter, I beg to remain,

Very sincerely yours,
R. W. VAN RAVEN.

An Encounter with Mary and Doug

Working in the heart of the city, it is not unusual for me to "bump into" some of our screen favorites. Walking across Broadway to Fifth Avenue through 44th Street some months ago, I was attracted by a small crowd, and I crossed the street to see what had happened. Of all the stars that fall, this sure was a starry occasion.

Mary and Doug, just as sweet and human as they could be, were there. Mary was the same fair and lovely maid, but what I couldn't get over was the fact that she absolutely does not age. She looks like a sweet young girl in her teens. The same Doug of the screen, daring and full of the devil look. They were both bidding farewell to a stately gentleman, and Douglas, who was in a bit of a hurry, I suppose, had gotten hold of his wife's arm with his cane.

I certainly was delighted at this encounter.

SYLVIA SPINRAD.

Page *Mr. Volstead—Marion Davies* reaches for a high ball.

Fan Worked as Extra with Bebe Daniels

When I first came to California, I was very anxious to see Bebe Daniels. I went to the Lasky Studio, where she was employed, and there I found quite a crowd of extras waiting to see the casting director. I got mixed up in the crowd and when he saw me he told me to come at seven the next morning.

I was there promptly at seven in hopes of seeing Miss Daniels. To my utmost delight I found that I was going to work in "The World's Applause," with Bebe Daniels. I worked six days on this and did a few small parts in other pictures, but while working with many other film stars, I have never met any so unaffected, sweet and dainty as Bebe Daniels. She will always come first in my list of favorites.

G. M.

Admirer Meets Kathlyn Williams

When it comes to meeting your favorite screen star, I'm sure no fan has had a more delightful experience than I, when I had the great pleasure of meeting Miss Kathlyn Williams in person. I have adored Miss Williams on the screen ever since I was a little girl, and no other actress has ever taken her place in my heart. So you can imagine my great joy when Miss Williams came to Minneapolis to appear in person for a few days.

I saw her every day at the theatre, and had several chats with her in her dressing room. Oh, how wonderful she was! She is far prettier off the screen than on. And she is so adorable and lovable you just want to hug her. She isn't at all blasé, but she has a certain aloofness about her manner that is charming. She must be a joy to work with in pictures. When I bade her good-bye at our last meeting, we pledged our friendship and she kissed me good-bye.

Meeting Miss Williams will always be one of the great moments in my life, and I shall love her always.

RUTH I. HAMILTON.

Mary Pickford At Work

We were honeymooning in Los Angeles and we did so want to see some of the movie stars. Every day we tried to get into a studio to watch them make pictures, but we found it very difficult. One must be related to the director or something of this sort before one could get in.

We waited patiently, and one day it was announced that there was to be a parade with *everybody* in it. We stood on a street corner in Los Angeles for almost two hours waiting for it to come along—then, when it did it was a fake parade—just people made up like Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, etc. Disappointed again—but we couldn't afford to return to our home town without seeing one or more of these much talked of people—no—never!

One day we made a business trip to Compton, California, a small town near Los Angeles. Away out on a country road near this town, a group of people were making a picture. At last we could see how it was done! My husband jumped out of the car and ran over and asked if there were any celebrities playing there. The man said, "Yes, Mary Pickford is working on her picture, "Thru the Back Door." We rushed breathlessly to the scene of action—surely it was impossible. There was music and everybody looked so happy, even the animals. And there was Mary coming right toward us! Our favorite!

I just wanted to go directly to her and tell her how I loved her and how I always went to see her pictures, but I was afraid she would not like my familiar greeting—and since then I have wondered if actresses really like to be approached by strangers. So I just looked and looked at her. She was more beautiful than on the screen. Then while she was trying to make the mule do a stunt by feeding him carrots, I took her picture and I was frightened to death of her director, fearing he would object if he knew I did this. I just wanted to stay right there forever in the California sun. Such a fascinating life!

D. NEELEY.

"WHAT I WANT I TAKE," Said PAT GLENDON

Pat and *Maude* spent their honeymoon close to nature.

(*Copyright 1923 by Universal Film Corporation*)

The *Prize fighter* who won the heart of a *beautiful society girl* by his *caveman tactics*. The concluding instalment of the *screen version of* Jack London's famous novel, "*The Abysmal Brute*

Fictionized by

Edward Ettinger

***The story so far*:**

PAT GLENDON, SR., a former prize fighter, who was compelled to give up a ring career because of a weak heart, trains his son,

PAT GLENDON, JR., to take up his place in the ring. The son builds up an enviable reputation, and because of his ability to take punishment as well as inflict it, he is known throughout the sporting world as "The Abysmal Brute." Under heroic circumstances, he meets and falls in love with

MAUDE SANGSTER, a girl prominent in society, daughter of wealthy parents. She is also loved by

DEANE WARNER, a well-known society man. Neither *Maude* nor *Deane* knows that *Pat* is a prize fighter.

PAT WAS very much in love with Miss Sangster and paid her another visit the following week. He found his rival there, Deane Warner, dressed in perfect-fitting evening clothes. The latter's presence did not bother Pat in the least, for to him, there was but one person in all that house—Maude Sangster. And she felt that way about him, too. When he was there, she had eyes for no one else. Deane felt as if he had been put in the discard. He waited for a little while and then departed, leaving a clean field for the prize fighter.

Pat welcomed Deane's departure with a sigh of relief. He would now be able to speak more freely to Maude. There was a very important fight coming soon, which necessitated his leaving the city for three weeks of intensive training. Because of that, he had come to Maude's home that evening.

"I've got to go away on some important business," he informed her. "and I'll be gone for three weeks. I wonder, would you care to spend Sunday with me up in the country? We'll make it a picnic and have a whole day just to ourselves. What do you say?"

"I'll be glad to go," Maude answered.

As arranged, the following Sunday found them out in the country. The whole day was spent in the open. To Pat, who had been brought up in the open, it seemed like a visit back home. He quickly responded. For Maude, city-reared, it was a glorious lark. Gradually, as the day progressed, the veneer of the city wore off and she felt herself responding to the lure of the great outdoors. There was something intoxicating in this open life. She began to feel more like a woman, a primitive woman, and her eyes wandered over the handsome physique of this strong, healthy-looking man who was with her, she was instinctively drawn to him. She sat down on a rock and he sat down beside her. The nearness affected her and drew her to him like steel filings to a magnet. She leaned close to him and he answered that look in her eyes by putting his arm around her. A delightful thrill ran through her body. She felt something within her responding to his touch. He seemed to have awakened in her a primitive love, a primitive passion, which she could no longer resist. The veneer of civilization was swept aside and there remained but the woman filled with love and passion. The society girl threw her arms around the prize fighter's neck, drew him to her, and kissed him passionately. Hot, burning kisses she rained on his face, as she crushed him to her.

"Good God, how I love you!" she cried.

It was a wild, mad love that was consuming her.

For Pat, it was the most glorious day of his life, for he was loved by the girl whom he loved. He felt that this girl wanted him with just as mad a desire as he wanted her.

He left the city and went into training for his coming bout, which was to be the most important one of his career. He was to fight Battling Levinsky, who now held the light-heavyweight championship.

The day of the fight. Pat returned to the city, together with Sam Stubener, his manager, and two of his sparring partners. At 9:30, they arrived at the Sunset Athletic Club.

AS SAM stood outside of Pat's dressing room, while the latter was putting on his fighting togs, a messenger boy brought him a telegram. Sam hastily opened it and read the contents. A look of sorrow crossed his face. Two tears filled his eyes, but he hastily brushed them aside with the back of his hand. He gazed at the telegram and then at the door, behind which Pat was dressing.

"That's tough luck," he muttered as he stuck the telegram in his pocket, "I wonder how the Brute will take it."

At ten o'clock, the referee announced the final bout of the evening. Pat Glendon, The Abysmal Brute, versus Battling Bennie Levinsky, the light-heavyweight champion of the world. The fight was short and snappy, but chock full of action. It lasted just two minutes and forty seconds. Levinsky was carried out of the ring by his brother Abe and two trainers, acting as honorary pallbearers, and Pat Glendon was declared light-heavyweight champion of the world.

When Levinsky was finally brought back to the land of the living, his brother Abie put his arms around him caressingly and cried, "Speak to me, Bennie, speak up. Tell me, is you alive or ain't you?"

"Oi, oi, my head," Bennie moaned, "I was hit by a express train. Where am I? Oi, oi, where am I?"

"You are right by me," Abie assured him. "It was that Pat Glendon what done it. He's got a punch worse than wood alcohol. Should I ask for a return match, Bennie?"

"No, thanks, once is enough to be introduced to a feller like that."

In the adjourning room sat the Abysmal Brute with a telegram in his hands, which had been given to him by Sam Stubener. He looked at it for a while and then, losing all control, he wept like a child. This great big brute of a prize fighter cried as if his heart would break. His father had died, the man whom he loved not only as a parent, but as a friend and pal. This misfortune left Pat alone in the world and he regretted that his father had not permitted him to remain up there with him in the mountains, so he could have been with him in his last days.

The next morning the papers were filled with accounts of the sensational bout in which The Abysmal Brute had won the light-heavyweight championship. He became the idol of the hour. The whole front page was covered with pictures of

(*Continued on page* 28)

Jean Is Crazy About Ramon Novarro

ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?

Do you want to know when and where your favorite screen star was born or whether he—or she—is married? If so, then write to the COLONEL. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.

JEAN—SO you're crazy about Ramon Novarro? Et tu, Brute—I mean Jean? Ramon's picture was published in Movie Weekly for April 21st. Niles Welch lives at 7517 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles. Lloyd Hughes and his wife, Gloria Hope, live at 955 Micheltorena St., Los Angeles. No, he is not related to Gareth Hughes. Bryant Washburn has dark brown hair and eyes. He lives at 7003 Hawthorne Ave., Hollywood. His hobbies are swimming, gardening and reading.

AMADO B. MAGTOTO—I don't know why they call me colonel, but I'd rather have them call me that than some names I know of. Agnes Ayres is about twenty-four; she is divorced from Frank Schusker. Gloria Swanson is in her late twenties and so is Norma. The latter has been married about seven years to Joseph Schenck.

A MOVIE NUT—What kind of tree do you grow on? Barbara La Marr is Mrs. Phil Ainsworth. She has black eyes. Claire Windsor is not married at present. Lewis Stone is in his forties. Malcolm MacGregor is twenty-six, is married and has a little daughter. It seems that Mary Pickford is not to make "Dorothy Vernon" for the present. At last accounts, her next picture was to be "Rosita," a Spanish story.

MOVIE FAN—Good for you, asking about Lon Chaney. There's an actor for you! Yes, he is married, but I don't know his wife's name other than Mrs. Chaney. They live at 1575 Edgemont, Hollywood. He seldom plays "dress suit parts."

WHIZ BANG—You bet your stationery is "fetching"—it's fetching an answer! Malcolm MacGregor is five feet ten and has dark brown hair and eyes. Write him for his picture at the Robertson-Cole Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood.

V. V.—"Where is our Theda?" At present, she is in California. She was to return to the screen in "The Easiest Way," but financial difficulties on the part of the company prevented the picture's being produced. Anyway, her husband doesn't want her to have a career. Nazimova has been playing on the stage since she made "Salome."

KENTUCKY KATE — You aren't a race horse, are you? Glad you like my page in Movie Weekly. No, Eugene O'Brien is not married. He has brown hair. Herbert Rawlinson is the husband of Roberta Arnold and Douglas MacLean is married to Faith Cole. If you want to get pictures of your favorite screen stars, write to them.

M. V. GLASS—I suppose they call your home a glass house, and won't let you throw stones. I never even heard of a picture called "Give Me My Son"; as you say, it is probably a foreign importation. I don't remember the incident you mention in "Human Hearts," but perhaps you refer to George Hackathorne, who played the half-wit. Snitz Edwards was the comedian.

BETHY JANE — So you're highly honored that I should answer your questions? I hope the honor doesn't give you the swell head. Many of the stars will send their photographs free; at any rate, it can do no harm to ask them. The reason you never saw Antonio Moreno playing opposite Gloria Swanson before is that he only recently signed to play in Paramount pictures. He is now playing in "The Exciters," with Bebe Daniels.

LOST HEART—How much reward would I get for finding it? Yes, Jack Holt is married and there are three little Holts. So you could just love him to death? Well, then I don't know whether it's wise to give you his address; it might be dangerous. He can be reached at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

BRIGHT EYES—So you just love Ramon Novarro? Well, Ramon is like ice cream—everybody loves him. Do you think you'd frame a picture of me for your mantle if I were to send you one? Well, I'm not so sure that you'd want to spoil the looks of the mantle. Tom Moore lives at 1919 Van Ness Avenue, Los Angeles. Owen Moore can be reached at the Lasky Studio in Astoria, Long Island. Write Jackie Coogan at Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood, and Baby Peggy, Century Comedies, 6100 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood.

The Colonel*, with apologies to *Bull Montana

TOOTS AND MARGARET—You should be around on New Year's Eve, Toots, and a horn wouldn't be necessary. Gaston Glass lives at the Formosa Apts., Los Angeles. He is not married. So far as I know that is his real name. Bebe Daniels is five feet five and weighs 120. Marie Prevost is an inch shorter and weighs 123. That is her real name, I think. The only way I can suggest your getting Wallace Reid's picture is by writing to Mrs. Reid at 8327 De Longpre Ave., Los Angeles.

KITTY—I don't think Patsy Ruth Miller would be very pleased if she knew you called her "Pasty." You can reach her at the Universal Studio, Universal City, Cal. The little boy in "Rich Men's Wives" is Richard Headrick, who is five years old. He lives at 1346 E. 39th St., Los Angeles. Kenneth Harlan is in his early thirties.

I. R. I. P.—You sound like a railroad. William S. Hart lives at Beverly Hills, Cal. He is forty-eight. Harry Carey is forty-three. Neal Hart lives at 6258 Yucca Ave., Hollywood.

A CONSTANT READER OF MOVIE WEEKLY—How could I overlook your letter, considering that bright blue stationery? We had one "Doubles" contest about a year ago for fans who resembled various screen stars.

SUGAR LUMP—You'd better be careful; someone might feed you to a horse. What do you mean, does Mae Murray play in pictures or just dance? That sounds to me like a sly dig at Miss Murray's acting. Marguerite Clarke has not played in pictures for about three years. Thomas Meighan's address is Lasky Studio, Astoria. "Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood" was released last fall

LUNEY TICK—I wouldn't admit that; they might lock you up. Viola Dana is the widow of John Collins. Shirley Mason is the wife of Bernard Durning, the Fox director. Dorothy Gish is Mrs. James Rennie; Lillian has never been married. Bessie Love is also single.

AN UNCLAIMED GEM—Are you as bad as that? Yes, if you ask me "real sweet," I'll tell you Alice Terry's address; I'm likely to tell you most anything. Her address is Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood.

RUTH—You must have died of anxiety by now, waiting for your answer to appear in the next issue after you wrote your letter. Do you think we just dash off Movie Weekly after dinner some night? Yes, Ann Little played opposite William S. Hart in "Square Deal Sanderson" and in "The Cradle of Courage." Write to Rudolph for his picture at 50 W. 67th St., New York City.

Sincerely Yours
The Colonel

WHISPERS FROM THE STUDIOS

by The FILM FLAPPER

Kisses All Around

Ernest Lubitsch in action is a sight worth going miles to see. He acts out every part and is a dynamo of energy. But he doesn't hesitate to take advice, as this little tale will tell.

On the Mary Pickford set the other day he commanded an extra girl, as part of a scene, to kiss a certain extra man. The girl protested slightly.

"But why can't I kiss my own husband?" she demanded. "He's right over there."

"All right," shouted Lubitsch, "kiss your husband. Kiss the other man, kiss me, kiss everybody. I don't care."

Has Cupid Hit Mildred Harris?

It begins to look as if Mildred Harris might try matrimony again. At least, there is a report that she is to marry Byron Munson, the actor. In fact, it is even reported that Miss Harris herself made the statement. Also she has been credited with the remark that a marriage between Pola and Charlie would be "funny."

But Miss Harris denies ever having said either that she was engaged or that she thought Charlie's marriage would be funny.

"I'm not going to be married," she said. "I'm going to Europe."

Just as if that settled it.

There's Nothing Up-Stage About Neilan

"Brothers under the skin" is right, says Marshall Neilan. Far be it from Marshall to deny his origin.

It happened at a big party given by George Fitzmaurice. In the midst of the gaiety, one man grew especially hilarious, and they discovered that he was the chauffeur of one of the revellers.

Micky Neilan leaped on a chair.

"You can't keep us down," he shouted. "You can't keep us down!"

And all those who didn't know it were thereupon informed that Micky used to do a bit of chauffeuring himself once to keep the wolf from the door. So it seems that Marshall Neilan, unlike some people we know, doesn't let prosperity go to his head.

They're All Running After Barbara

It looks as if Barbara La Marr were fought over in as flattering a style in real life as she is on the screen. All the screen companies seem to be arguing over her services.

Recently she signed with Universal for a picture or two, right after signing with Samuel Goldwyn to go to Rome to play in George Fitzmaurice's version of "The Eternal City." When Goldwyn heard of her contract with Universal, they were all het up, as they got the impression that it was a long-term contract that would interfere with her work for them.

It seemed that Barbara was in rather a jam, but it's all straightened out now, and Miss La Marr will be able to fulnll both contracts without being twins.

And everybody's happy!

GRENBEAUX

Who said photography was a thankless job? Not when *Shannon Day* is being photographed!

Even the Orphans Like Her

And speaking of Barbara La Marr, who says she is a mere vamp! It seems that even children cry for her.

She gave a party recently for the children of Hollywood Orphan's Home, at which her own little adopted baby was supposed to be host. But young Ivan (for that's his name) proved unequal to the occasion; apparently he was too young to feel his responsibility as host. Anyway, early in the festivities he grew sleepy and yelled for his bottle, leaving Barbara only as hostess.

However, that didn't bother Miss La Marr. From the way she mothered those youngsters, you'd think she had been mothering babies all her life. One of them adopted her—a little blue-eyed orphan, who hung onto her hand and gazed into her face, refusing to let go, even for the ice cream.

And when one youngster, who had lost his mamma at Christmas and had just come into the home, got frightened and lonely and began to cry, Barbara gathered him into her arms and showered him with caresses that, on the screen, are worth $1,500 a week!

They Want to Go to Jail

When a good percentage of our population is trying desperately to keep out of jail, it seems rather too bad that life should be so arranged as to keep people out of jail when they really want to get in. But Herbert Brenon's Lasky company is having just that trouble. They are making "The Woman With Four Faces," and they have been doing their hardest work merely trying to get into jail.

"How contrary life is," writes Betty Compson. "Most people studiously avoid going to jail, or if they get in, try hard to get out. But here we are, trying to break into jail and having poor luck. In one jail in a little town near here, they said it wasn't a very safe jail, and they were afraid they'd lose all the prisoners if we picture people went in.

"Another city jail we found was too crowded to allow us to bring in the lights. However, we expect to be located in a nice, clean jail soon, as Mr. Brenon is promising us just anything if they'll only put us in jail."

THE ABYSMAL BRUTE

(*Continued from page 25*)

him, and there was a detailed account of his ring history. He was hailed as one of the masters of the ring.

DEANE WARNER, recognizing his rival's picture, bought several of the newspapers, and immediately hurried with them to Maud Sangster.

"I tell you, it is that Mr. Glendon who has been calling on you," he said.

"No, no, it cannot be," she insisted. "This must be some other person. The papers do not mention any name, so how can you tell? They merely call him The Abysmal Brute. I'm sure it's not Mr. Glendon. He doesn't look like that type."

"But, don't you see the resemblance? Don't you believe your own eyes? Can't you see that they are both the same person? I'm going over to the Sunset Athletic Club and make sure of this. This man who has been coming to see you has been deceiving you. He is nothing but a rotter, a common, ordinary prize fighter trying to worm his way into respectable society."

About half an hour later, Deane called Maude on the telephone.

"It is just as I told you," he said, "The Abysmal Brute and Pat Glendon are the same person. He is up in the country now training for another fight. And to think he ate at the same table with us."

"Can you give me his address?" Maude inquired.

"Yes, get a pencil and paper and I'll call it off to you."

Maude was in a quandary. She loved Pat, but good God! how could she think of marrying a prize fighter; she, a daughter of wealth, of education and social position, coming of a very fine family! Why, it was preposterous!

"Deane, will you please come here at once," she begged of him. "You must help me. You must save me from myself."

"I'll be right over," he replied.

Maude sat down to the library table. There seemed but one way out of this. Marriage with a prize fighter was out of the question. She must not permit herself even to think of it. Pat Glendon must pass out of her life entirely. She must never see him again. She must marry Deane Warner. He represented a bulwark of respectability and refinement. Even though he did not arouse in her the love and passion which Glendon did, still she would feel more secure with him. She hastily scribbled a note:

"*Dear Mr. Glendon:*

I do not wish to see you again and I do hope you will not try to force your presence on me. You visited me under false pretences. I can never forgive you for that. I thought you were someone, but I've learned now that you are only a common prize fighter. Please do not come to see me again.

MAUDE SANGSTER."

When Pat received that note, he paced the room like a wild man. He refused to train and he refused to eat. When this was reported to Sam Stubener, he immediately went over to see him.

"Why this sudden change?" he asked. "Is it that society girl?"

Pat nodded his head.

"I told you to pass her up, Pat. She's not your kind. She wants a society bug. I told you she'd drop you as soon as she learned you were a pug."

"But I want her, Sam."

"That won't help any. You can't buck society. They are too darn narrow-minded."

"Society be damned. She's my woman and I'm going to get her!"

ABOUT an hour later, Pat rang the bell at Maude's home. The door was carefully opened about six inches by the butler.

"I want to see Miss Sangster," Pat demanded.

"Im sorry, but Miss Sangster is not at home," the butler informed him.

"I'll see about that myself," Pat declared, as he pushed open the door with a force which the butler could not resist.

The butler tried to stop him, and was rewarded for his efforts by being roughly seated upon the floor. There was fire in Pat's eyes and he would brook no interference. He went directly to the library, where he found Maude and Deane. At the sight of him, Maude ran over to Deane to find shelter in his protecting arm.

Slowly and deliberately, Pat walked over to the two. He took hold of Maude's arm with a firm grip and in a rough manner pulled her away from Deane. The latter attempted to stop him, but Pat brushed him aside. He was The Abysmal Brute, the caveman fighting for his woman.

"She's mine," he said boldly to Deane, "and I take what I want."

"Stop!" Deane said as he put his arm on Glendon. "Maude has something to say about that. Why don't you let her choose which of us she wants?"

Pat took hold of both her arms. His fingers dug into her flesh as he drew her to him.

"Look at me!" he shouted.

Maude slowly raised her head and looked into his eyes.

Hobbies of the Stars

By GRACE GREENWOOD

Virginia Brown Fair's fad is collecting ear-rings. She has ten pairs at present, and is wishing audibly before some of her relatives for more for Christmas.

Charlie Chaplin still cherishes a tattered copy of "Christmas Carols" given him at Christmas time, when he was a little boy, and which he read over and over again.

Dorothy Phillips is a devout Catholic.

So is Doris May.

Pola Negri has a collection of wonderful dolls—all nationalities.

Clara Kimball Young is a lover of perfumes and an expert in distinguishing them.

Helen Ferguson has never tasted an alcoholic beverage.

Neither has Lois Wilson.

Conrad Nagel's fad is gardening. His favorite flower is the pansy.

Anna Q. Nilsson goes on the milk diet every few weeks.

"You love me!" Pat said. "You know you do. Remember that day in the mountains? You showed me that you loved me. What difference does it make if I am a prize fighter? You love me as a woman should love a man, for himself and not for his clothes. I love you, too. You're mine! Do you hear that? You're mine. And I take what I want!"

He crushed her to him and kissed her.

"Tell me, do you love me?" he demanded.

THAT kiss decided everything. Within her, there stirred that physical longing of woman for man. In that moment the society girl and the prize fighter were forgotten. In their place there stood a man and a woman, primitive man and primitive woman.

"Tell me, do you love me?" he repeated.

"Yes, I do."

"Then tell it to him!" Pat demanded.

She turned to Deane Warner.

"I do love him," she said, "I do! I do!"

Deane shook his head gravely and left the house. It was 9:30 then and Pat was due for a fight at 10 o'clock.

"Come on, now," he said, "I'm going to show you your man in action. Get your hat and coat."

At the Sunset Athletic Club, Sam Stubener led Maud to a ringside seat, so that she would have a good view of the performance. When the bout, in which Pat was to be one of the contestants, was announced, her heart jumped for both joy and fear. When he entered the ring and discarded his bathrobe, showing his wonderful, muscular body, a thrill of pride and joy ran through her. What a splendid specimen of manhood was this, her man, so perfect and clean looking, by far superior to the men in her own set! The spectators gave him a wonderful ovation, for he was the popular idol. Maude was pleased with this applause which greeted the man.

The gong sounded and the bout was on. The Napa Kid, Pat's opponent, knowing full well the fighting ability of The Abysmal Brute, took up the defensive. Pat, as usual, became the aggressor. Conscious of the fact that Maude's eyes were on him, and with that inherent instinct of the male to appear great in the eyes of the female, Pat became somewhat theatrical in his fighting in order to appear to the best advantage before the woman he loved. The Napa Kid was by no means a formidable opponent. Pat tore into him with several hard blows to the stomach and jaw. The Napa Kid soon showed the effects of the punishment he was taking. He became groggy. Pat realized that one good blow to the jaw would knock the Kid down for the count of ten. For just a fraction of a second he took his eyes off his opponent to smile and nod at Maude. The Napa Kid, being a veteran of the ring, immediately pounced upon this unexpected opportunity, and with all the strength he could summon, he landed a terrific blow on Pat's jaw.

It caught Pat unawares and he sank to the floor. Maude let out a shriek of horror.

"One—two—three," the referee counted, "four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—"

Pat rose to his feet, a bit unsteady. This was the first time in his ring career that he had ever touched the ground. And of all people to witness this humiliation, there was Maude, before whom he was trying to show his prowess. He got into a clinch with his opponent. The gong sounded and that ended the first round.

Maude sat there in agony. She wondered what the next round would bring. She looked at Pat and noticed him panting very heavily as his seconds threw cold water at him and kneaded his muscles. There arose within her a mad desire to run into the ring and strike the Napa Kid for what he had done to her man. She was the primitive woman who would run to the defense of her mate.

The gong sounded. Second round.

PAT AROSE from his chair with a freshness and a vigor which seemed to deny that anything had happened to him. He tore into the Napa Kid with a series of blows that threatened to reduce the Kid to a pulp. He smashed and tore at him like a wild man, with fast, furious, destructive blows. The Napa Kid tried to get into a clinch, but Pat was too wary for that. He had him up against the ropes now. The Napa Kid covered his face with both hands. Pat rained blows at his stomach until the Kid had to lower his arms to protect himself from those vicious blows with their cruel punishment. That gave Pat the opportunity he was looking for. The instant those hands left his face, Pat struck the Napa Kid a blow on the point of the jaw which sent him to the floor in a heap.

The referee counted ten and the Napa Kid still remained on the floor. Pat was declared the victor. The Abysmal Brute had retained his title. As he climbed out of the ring, Maude ran over to him, threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him. She was proud of her man.

Good old Sam Stubener had arranged everything and Maude and Pat were married that very night. They went up to the little shack in the mountains where Pat had lived with his father. There they intended spending their honeymoon, close to nature.

The newspapers soon got wind of the matter and in glaring headlines, they informed the world of the marriage of the prize fighter and the society girl. They were given practically the whole front page. They showed The Abysmal Brute in his fighting togs and the society girl in evening dress.

A reporter of the largest evening newspaper called on Maude's father, asking him for a statement in regard to his daughter's marriage. "Did he oppose it? Did he know about it? Would he accept Pat as his son-in-law? How did it feel to have a pug in the family?"

"Well," said Mr. Sangster, "you may say that I am darn proud of my son-in-law. It just means another champion in the family, that's all. Don't think he's the only fighter we've got, either, for I pack a wicked right myself."

THE END.

Should Movie Screen Stars Separate Occasionally?

(*Continued from page 20*)

didn't appear, and on which Rex had to go away on location without me, left me the most miserable girl in the world. That's the best answer I can give."

Rex Ingram: "Why, I've never given the matter any thought. Too busy with my work for such psychological philanderings. I always want Alice with me. I cannot imagine being without her. She aids me in my work, comforts me in my weariness; she has a sense of humor that is most refreshing. No, most emphatically—now that you ask me—I certainly don't want any vacations from Alice."

"Just about as much as I want a vacation from my right eye, I want a vacation from Mary," declared Douglas Fairbanks.

"Well, Douglas and I are never separated. Isn't that answer enough?" said Mary Pickford.

Bryant Washburn has a happy family life, and worships his two little sons.

"My wife and I are pals," said Bryant, "and the children make us more so. I don't think we need any vacations. If we don't agree, we have both learned to shut up. That's vacation enough."

Will Rogers has had to travel a lot with shows without his wife; so he says:

"It's being together that seems like a vacation to me. You see, we've had to be apart a good deal anyhow, what with me in the show business and everything, so that my holiday time is at home. Maybe if I had *some* wives, I'd like a vacation, though."

Harry Myers is married to a nice, jolly non-professional, and is very happy. He always gets a funny twist on things:

"My wife and I always get along all right, and I've never psycho-analyzed myself about this vacation idea. Wait until I page Mr. Freud!"

"Vacations come naturally enough, what with location trips and business trips, especially in the picture business," said Tom Mix. "If people seek any more than that, seems to me there's something wrong."

"Being separated from each other is the cause of nine-tenths of the divorces in stageland and filmland," said Warner Baxter. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder—of the other fellow!"

Ralph Lewis, happily married to Vera Lewis, doesn't believe in any new-fangled ideas about straying from the hearthstone.

"I look forward to my wife, my books and my slippers at night," said Lewis, "and anybody who has played one-night stands as long as I did, will be thankful for all three."

CARTER DE HAVEN: "A little vacation now and then, is relished by the best of men. But—the more you see of other women—oh, just superficially, of course—the more you like your own wife. A man who has good judgment knows that a fine wife, devoted to home and children, isn't to be found every day. He isn't worrying about romance. He finds enough of that in looking forward to the future of his children. A deeper love than mere romance exists between himself and his wife. Anyhow, that's how it is with us."

Dagmar Godowsky, wife of Frank Mayo: "That question requires thought. I'm convinced that vacations are good. Short separations make one realize how much the other means. I was away from my husband ten days when I went to New York, and he followed me there."

Very logical is Frank Mayo—sounds as though he would be good at mathematics: "Appreciation of one another is the very essential of a happy married life. A short separation once in a while inspires appreciation.

Having bought himself a big ranch out in the San Fernando Valley, in California, whither he repairs every night after work, Harry Carey feels no need of a vacation from his wife and child. He says:

"I think it would be an awful bore to be always having to wonder whether my wife shouldn't take a vacation from me or I from her," he explained.

Says Albert E. Smith, President of Vitagraph, who recently married his Vitagraph star, the beautiful Jean Paige: "What do people get married for in the first place if they want vacations from each other?"

Movie Stars Are Not Made —They Make Themselves

(*Continued from page 8*)

bricklayer builds a wall. The bricks in this case, of course, are publicity stories and blurbs which help to mould public opinion, if cleverly done.

"Sometimes, it is true, the young actor rises to the occasion, works hard, studies hard, listens carefully to advice from older and more experienced actors and directors, and eventually he stands on his own. This fellow would have arrived anyway. On the other hand, if he hasn't the native ability, as is often the case, when his publicity stops, down he goes—still a star, but most often of the shooting variety and ever on the wane. If he is wise he acquires a paid personal press agent and sometimes this will help him for a little while. But it is also true that the backing of a big producing unit with the proper outlet for its pictures is what he needs most and must have if he is to retain his lustre."

"What do you think of the personal press agent?" we asked him.

"I have never had one myself," he told us. And that seemed answer enough, so we very properly opened up on another tack.

"How did you break in to the star class, Mr. Earle?" This from us.

Now this is not a publicity man's dream and Mr. Earle is no Merton of the Movies, but he does talk naturally and easily and he is not overmodest, so he was not hesitant.

"In the last days of the old Biograph Company," he began, "I was doing very well on the speaking stage. I had heard a lot about the big salaries the movie men were paying. I investigated—being human and ambitious—with the result that I was shortly doing movie stuff. I stayed in them because I liked the work and would rather be a movie actor than anything else I can think of, except. perhaps, a director of movie actors. Later, when I was with Edison, I used to burn the midnight earle—I mean oil—writing personal letters to the fans who wrote to me. In that way I was in constant touch with the public and as I was making pictures all the time, I admit that helped me along the road to stardom.

AT ANY rate, I firmly believe this: the bare fact that an actor is billed as a star does not make him a star. And I'd rather give the kind of performance that leaves its impression with the fan, than to have my name emblazoned in electrics mainly because my press agent had sweated over his typewriter, or because of the friendship of somebody or other, or for any reason except that I had been giving good performances day in and day out.

"Why, I remember when Vitagraph made its famous O. Henry series of pictures. Every actor in the cast was handpicked because he or she had particular ability to depict the character he or she was chosen to do. Result: notable performances by the whole cast and those pictures received more unsolicited praise from press and public than any picture or series of pictures before or since. And not a star in any of them. And that is what I think every actor should aim for—star or no star. Then your question would answer itself.

"But you haven't answered the original question: What is a movie star and why?" we persisted.

"A movie star," said Mr. Earle, "is a player who is constantly giving a smooth, intelligent characterization—that is my honest opinion. From the publicity standpoint, I should say a star is a player whose name is placed in large type above the name of the play, and as for the fan—"

The flat notes of a callboy paging Edwood Oil took him from us. We were alone with our story and our question.

Shimmying into the Camera with Gilda Gray

(*Continued from page 7*)

in every way possible, from showing me how to put on movie make-up, to giving me encouragement about my dancing. I only hope that the day will come soon when I'll have an opportunity to show them just how grateful I am."

"How did you feel the first time you faced the camera?" we pursued.

"Scared to death," replied Gilda promptly "You see, I had a test taken first and I never felt so self-conscious in my life. It was all so new to me. It seemed that the more natural I tried to be, the more self-conscious I became. Mr. Dwan, who is directing this picture, which, by the way, is called "Lawful Larceny," assured me that everything would be all right, and I guess it was for after seeing the test, he engaged me."

"You weren't self-conscious today!" we suggested. "Why, Mr. Lasky himself couldn't have been more at home in the studio."

"No, indeed. Today I was all right. When I start dancing, I get right into the spirit of the thing and forget everything else. Besides, it doesn't take me very long to adapt myself to conditions or situations. These surroundings are now as familiar to me as last year's hat.

"I would like very much to do emotional roles for the screen, though," continued Miss Gray thoughtfully, "and keep my dancing for the theatre. Come now, let's go down to see the rushes."

So down we went. And right here let us say that picture audiences have a rare treat coming to them when they see the graceful Gilda doing the famous South Sea dance in "Lawful Larceny." We have seldom seen such an alluring,talented girl on the screen, and we hope that Gilda Gray decides to become permanent in the movies.

Must a Girl Pay a Price for Screen Fame

(*Continued from page 3*)

thing unpleasant even in the way of an experience.

"And the screen?" we suggested, thinking of all the terrible things we had heard told about Hollywood.

She smiled.

"I'd thought the same thing, too, of the screen. But one day I got a letter. It was written by Mrs. Arthur Friend, whose husband is President of Distinctive Pictures, and it expressed the desire to meet me.

"It seems that Mrs. Friend had noticed my photographs advertising gowns and furs and so forth, for a long while and had more than once remarked to her husband: 'I believe that girl would make a screen star.'

"Well, the result of all this was that I met Mrs. Friend, and then later her husband, and this in turn led to my being given the leading part in 'The Ragged Edge'—my first appearance on the screen."

"That is a remarkable record, Miss Palmeri," we observed, as the strains of the score from "Jack and Jill" were borne into us from the orchestra on the balcony of the inner dining room. "We never heard before of anyone getting a star part for her first appearance."

"I only hope I live up to it," she laughed modestly, as we said good-bye.

"We're sure you will," we told her, and we meant it, too.

Do You Know

That Jack Holt was once a mail carrier.?

It was when he was in Alaska, where he had gone for gold, as other men went. But he found none, his money gave out, and he accepted the job of carrying the mail across the snowy wastes in winter time.

A man's sized job! He had to travel many hundreds of miles through the almost impassable places, running the risk of avalanches and floods, not to mention the quite possible fate of being frozen to death, in order to bring the mail from Nome to Fairbanks by dog-team.

Sometimes he traveled alone, sometimes with companions. At one time he and a number of companions were buried under a snow-drift when an avalanche descended upon them. Holt chanced to be at the outer edge, and when he saw the snow coming, he ran, but being overtaken, stuck his shovel into the air.

The snow fell all around him, but the spade protruded from the snow, and a bunch of men coming along, saw the implement, dug him out and saved his life. It was some time before he regained consciousness, and when he did, and told about his companions, buried with him, to his rescuers, they attempted a rescue, but found the others frozen to death.

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Breasting the Big Snows With Alice Brady

(*Continued from page* 21)

leave here for another ten days at least. The village will not be completed until the middle of next week.

January 7, 1923.
9:30 P. M.

Lefty is singing songs on his guitar to Alice and a group of the proletariat in the Arnott cottage. We've had our partridge after waiting for it for hours. Locked in by the frozen door for over an hour and a half. It is 42 below outside and hot as blazes in here. One big room with wood-eating stove at one end. Just now there are thirty-one of us in the room—as large as our library—some playing cards, the dog-man telling stories of adventures with dogs, some undressing, some fast asleep on chairs and benches.

More about the trip is coming here. After we left the caboose at Kipawa Dam, we got into the sleighs pulled by horses. Such cold I never before experienced. I had all the warm things on I possibly could, but two miles out I began to feel frozen. At the end of six I got out and ran after the sleigh till I got *hot*—then I got in the sleigh again. Every mile or so the sleigh pitched us out, one on top of the other, baggage and all.

The last four miles were quite awful. The road mountainous, the sleigh dumping us out down slopes and drifts. But the snow here is at least two feet deep and none of the tumbling was really serious. We got here first and waited two hours to get something hot to drink. My basket had gone on another sleigh. We were quite comfortable by the time the others began to arrive. Their experiences were much worse than ours, since we had about the best sleigh and no heavy baggage.

Alice Brady's maid got so frightened by the tumbles that she knelt in the snow and prayed and sang and cried like a mad woman. Some of the men were quite badly frozen—had to get ointment rubbed on them.

* * * * *

The first or second evening Haines, who is the R.R. man and guiding us about for a long week-end he has taken, took us out on the lake—the others flew back at the first sound of wolves baying across the lake. My heart was in my mouth, though I was convinced there was little danger.

Haines and I walked last and I couldn't help looking back all the time—we were walking on the lake—and suddenly we saw one in long distance, about a mile across the lake, baying at us in the moonlight and running back to the woods like mad when we answered. They are cowardly when alone, unless ravenous, very dangerous when in packs. However, it is so cold that we never stir out at night except from one cottage to the others.

This evening the cook (Steamboat Bill—whom I have nicknamed Gunboat Smith and therefore have complicated existence a little further for all of us), brought in a little white ermine—alive. He had caught it with his hands—it had been stealing the meat that hung outside the kitchen. It looks like a long white rat with a black-tipped tail.

* * * * *

Trying to make up my mind to go to next cottage—it is ten-thirty. But it is so warm in here and cold in our cottage. I understand why Eskimos have t.b. in their igloos.

It is grand opera now—Lefty and Alice at the top of their lungs.

Harold Lloyd's Own Story of His Rise to Screen Fame

(*Continued from page* 13)

"I suppose you go to school?" he remarked.

"No, I haven't had a chance this year," I told him honestly. "Maybe you know a good job for me."

He smiled at my boldness. "Perhaps there is something around the theatre," he remarked.

I stared up at him in amazement. Could it be possible that I was in the presence of an actor? A noble man whose profession brings him before emperors and kings, a man who knows the world, who travels from day to day, from town to town, in regal state!

"Are you an actor?" I demanded.

My naivete must have amused him. "Yes," he replied. "I am with the Burwood Stock Company."

He began to tell me of his own life. In the midst of his recital I interrupted him.

"I have always longed to go on the stage," I told him.

"Well, it is not such a wonderful life," he reflected. "I have been here in Omaha quite a while now. I am getting tired of living in a hotel, eating restaurant food all the time. Sometimes I wish I had a little home to live in."

A brilliant idea flashed through my brain. "My mother rents rooms," I told him. "Maybe she would have just the place for you."

"Where do you live?"

I gave him my address and he promised to call on my mother the following day.

I hastened back to the theatre and gazed at the lithographs and photographs in the lobby, hoping to identify my new acquaintance. I soon found that he was John Lane O'Connor, one of the best known stock actors in the Middle West. I had read about him in the newspapers each week. I had seen his picture on the theatrical page every Sunday and yet when I had stood right next to him, I had not recognized him. If I had been presented to the President, I could not have been happier, as I raced home to tell my mother.

The following day O'Connor called as he had promised. He looked at the room and found it suitable. Within a few days we were fast friends. He was home a good deal of the time during the day, and he would invite me into his room and would tell me all about the plays in which he was acting and would let me listen to him as he memorized his parts and recited them aloud.

FREQUENTLY he would take me back stage to his rehearsals and performances. I was fascinated by the mystifying atmosphere of the theatre. I drank in the details of each production as if my very life depended on it. Here in the theatre I was surrounded by unreality. The drab tones of my daily life, its hardships, our poor futile efforts to make more than just a living, the harsh facts of existence which confronted me at every hour, all these were here in the theatre submerged.

Here at the bidding of the stage manager a palace might be reared in a few moments. Here, a commonplace old woman might enter her dressing room and emerge a few moments later a duchess, a dowager in silks and satins. Here the hero always won the girl. Right always triumphed. Here in the theatre I was supremely happy.

(*Continued next week*)

Life Story of Movie Actress

(*Continued from page 23*)

ing out for themselves. Whatever their reason, they allowed us to do it.

Soon after we reached New York, Grace got a position in an exclusive Women's Wear shop on Fifth Avenue. Sometimes even at this distance from our home city she was forced to show wraps to women she had formerly known. Her pride almost killed her—and she took it out on me.

I got a position as sales girl in the paper pattern department in a large department store. It looked as though all my life I'd have to sell things across the counter, help women decide how they wanted their dresses made, then sell them a twenty or thirty-five cent pattern. How I hated it! If I had sold something pretty or handled interesting things it wouldn't have been so bad. But paper patterns seemed about my speed—according to the woman who hired me.

AND SO I continued to sell patterns while I dreamed of love and marriage. That I was in the pattern department was against my chances, as I came in touch with no men but the floor-walkers, none of whom appealed to me. If they had, their position would have been against them, as I dreamed of the kind of men who had whirled me around in their autos or danced with me in the short time between my debut and my father's failure; or my sister's beaux, or the kind of men my father sometimes brought to the house.

And yet I managed to exist for over two years, and somehow kept my job in the pattern department, though I had no interest in it. I wasn't living, just marking time—a squirrel-on-a-wheel existence. My sister kept such close tabs on me as to make it impossible to have a flirtation with someone I hadn't met properly. Once or twice I had tried that with disastrous results.

"Don't you ever want to get married?" she had screamed at me. "If you do, for heaven's sake don't make yourself common. There's enough for you to overcome without that."

Yes, I wanted to get married. That was the thing that kept me straight—that and the fact that I was so tired, so unhappy in my drab existence, that my former spirit seemed entirely broken.

I began making some terrible mistakes at the pattern counter and was sent to Mr. Allen, one of the partners in the business. I use that name since I must call him something, though that is not his real name. Fictitious names are used throughout this whole story.

When he saw how pale I was, he smiled kindly enough and told me to sit down. Then he stared at me and asked me if I wasn't Jim Roger's daughter.

When I told him I was, he said, "Lord, you poor kid! I knew your father and once I saw you with him in a box at the opera. I'd remember your face anywhere. When they said they were going to send Rita Rogers to me, I hardly expected to see you."

I was tired and worn out and his words filled me with self-pity, so I groped for my handkerchief and began filling it with tears, then dropping my head on his desk, I cried as though my heart would break.

"There, there, have it out. You really needed that cry," said he, patting my shoulder softly. "Gosh, I'm sorry. There, there!"

Presently I got myself together sufficiently to raise my head and shortly after, dried my tears, but he continued to lean forward in his swivel chair with his hand on my shoulder.

"I guess I'm all right now," I finally said, drawing away from him and trying to smile.

"That's good," he remarked, smiling kindly and looking at me scrutinizingly.

HE WAS a good-looking man of ease and grace, somewhere in the forties, clean, dressed and groomed with great care, his manners faultless.

"What's the matter? Overwork?" he wanted to know.

"I think so. I'm very tired and awfully sick of living."

"I know. And I'm sorry. Tell me all about it."

And then I poured out my heart to the first man I had talked to who was in my class, since my father died, to this man who reminded me somewhat of him. Oh, the luxury of that confidence, occasionally interrupted by tears.

Finally he said, "What a pity you haven't a mother to look after you instead of that nagging, unlovely sister of yours. I'm afraid—I'm afraid some day a man will come along and say to you the things I wouldn't say."

"I don't understand," I faltered.

"No, you wouldn't. You are too sweet and innocent. But I think the first thing for you to do is to go away and take a rest."

I laughed unpleasantly. "On my salary?"

"No, the house of Ward and Allen is going to give you a good rest. I'll talk it over with your sister. Now run back to your work and be happy. You're to have a month's vacation starting Monday."

"Oh, you wonderful, wonderful man! How can I thank you?"

"Don't try. And, well, be careful how you thank a man for being kind to you. Remember that, will you? Only thank them moderately." He smiled good-naturedly and held out his hand.

But impulsively I raised my face and kissed him, then flew away before he had time to scold me for my bold act. Somehow I just had to kiss him, exactly as I had kissed father in the old days when he did things for me which made me happy.

(*Continued next week*)

What the News Reels Need

(*Continued from page 11*)

give a clue to the scenes to be shown in the local motion picture theatres this evening and, in the case of out-of-town events, the remainder of the week.

The New York State legislators are struggling with the problem of New York City transit relief. Why not show this story on the screen: Governor Smith and Mayor Hylan, sponsors of home rule; Assemblyman Jesse and Speaker Machold, their Republican opponents; then the picture of a crowded, subway train, a dilapidated street car, and one of the Hylan busses suggested as a means of immediate relief?

In Florida a mob blocked the search for the grave of Martin Tabert, of North Dakota, the murdered "peon." Why not show, in a few days, a picture of the search for the body, the grave, the leaders in the fight for the abolition of peonage?

Fifteen hundred sick and crippled children saw the circus yesterday at Bellevue Hospital. Why not show a brief flash of this human interest event?

The publishers of the country met yesterday in convention. Why not a flash of the leaders of the Associated Press, of Postmaster General Harry S. New, who spoke before them, and a paragraph or two of Mr. New's speech?

Joe McGrath, model son, shot and killed his mother and himself yesterday. Why not show a picture of the house in which Joe lived, the room in which the tragedy occurred, the police at work investigating the case?

THE SEAMEN of the coast ports are on strike. Why not show shots of their pickets along the harbors, of ships tied up by the strike, of other ships moving despite the strikers?

The Prohibition forces are spying on the "rum fleet" in New York harbor. Why not a sequence showing the revenue agents, and even the ships themselves?

These few tips are selected from the news of a single day. Each of them is a news story. Each would interest almost every motion picture fan in New York City and with perhaps one or two exceptions, the fans in other cities. And each episode could be filmed with slight difficulty and small expense.

What news reel producer will be the first to take advantage of the manifold possibilities for the filming of *real news?*

What news reel producer will be the first to bring the news reel to its heritage, the supplement of the daily newspaper that it should be?

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Could you recognize the vital dramatic situation in this scene—and write a scenario about it?

It is a scene from the Rex Ingram Production (Metro Pictures Corporation), "The Conquering Power." A great drama built up from a commonplace story. Situations like this are taking place around you every day. Right in your own street, in the house next door, in your home, a great drama is being lived.

Why can't you bild a plot around it? The successful photodramatists use the simplest themes; the biggest pictures are built around trivial incidents of everyday life. The successful screen writers are men and women who see the dramatic value of everyday occurrences. A few years ago these men and women were receiving ordinary salaries for doing humble tasks. Now their incomes are thousands and tens of thousands of dollars yearly.

Producers Want Your Stories

Producers are anxious for stories. Leaders in the film industry are encouraging new screen writers. The handful of photodramatists writing today cannot fill the demand. Without stories, the photoplay industry cannot exist. The producers *cannot get* enough good scenarios.

Just a few years ago an author was glad to get $15 for a motion picture scenario.

Today the average price paid for a plot synopsis is $500.

Not Skilled Writers—Just Ordinary Men and Women

The successful novelist or short story writer has definitely failed in the motion picture field. Newly trained photodramatists have written and conceived the plots that have been developed into the most successful feature photoplays. For the most part the men and women who are supplying the stories were, just a few years ago, teachers, clerks, housewives, farmers, office employees.

You do not need literary ability. The producers do not want fine writing. They want plots—strong, dramatic plots, written in simple synopsis form.

The Van Vliet Plan of Writing for the Movies shows you how to write scenarios just as the producers want them.

You cannot tell at this time whether you possess the ability to write photoplays. *No test or analysis* could tell you, for your sense of dramatic perception is undeveloped and your conception of plot is unformed.

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Do you dream—day dream—make up fascinating stories about strange adventures and queer places and interesting people?

Don't you sometimes think that you could have improved the plot of a book or photoplay, or written a more interesting story around its characters?

Do you get ideas from everyday incidents and trivial adventures? Haven't you an overwhelming desire to express these dreams which you must suppress and because they seem flat and stale when you write them down?

If you have experienced such feelings, you possess creative imagination, the first requisite of a photodramatist. Do not waste this splendid talent. You can transform your ideas into scenarios, satisfy your desire for expression and gain a rich financial reward.

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